

APRIL 1865.

VOL. II.

THE

No. X.

MONTH

A
MAGAZINE

of

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APRIL 1865.

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Constance Sherwood.

AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY.

CHAPTER XVII.

WHEN I had been a short time in my Lady Lumley's chamber, my Lord Arundel sent for his granddaughter, who was wont, she told me, at that hour to write letters for him; and I stayed alone with her ladyship, who, as soon as Lady Surrey left us, thus broke forth in her praise:

"Hath any one, think you, Mistress Sherwood, ever pictured or imagined a creature more noble, more toward in disposition, more virtuous in all her actions, of greater courage in adversity or patience under ill-usage than this one, which God hath sent to this house to cheer two lonely hearts, whilst her own is well-nigh broken?"

"Oh, my Lady Lumley!" I exclaimed, "I fear some new misfortune hath befallen this dear lady, who is indeed so rare a piece of goodness that none can exceed in describing her deserts. Hitherto she hath condescended to impart her sorrows to her poor friend; but to-day she shut up her griefs in her own bosom, albeit I could read unspoken suffering in every lineament of her sweet countenance."

"God forgive me," her ladyship replied, "if in speaking of her wrongs I should entertain over-resentful feelings towards her ungracious husband, whom once I did love as a mother, and very loath hath my heart been to condemn him; but now, if it were not that I myself received him in my arms what time he was born, whose life was the cause of my sweet young sister's death, I should doubt he could be her son."

"What fresh injury," I timidly asked, "hath driven Lady Surrey from her house?"

"Her house no longer," quoth Lady Lumley. "She hath no house, no home, no husband worthy of the name, and only an old man nigh unto the grave, alas! and a poor feeble woman, such as I am, to raise a voice in her behalf, who is spurned by one who should have loved and cherished her, as twice before God's altar he vowed to do. Oh," cried the poor lady, weeping, "she had borne all things else with a sweet fortitude, which angels looking down on her must needs have wondered at. She would ever be excusing this faithless husband with many pretty wiles and loving subterfuges, making,

sweet sophist, the worst appear the better reason. 'Men must needs be pardoned,' she would say, when my good father waxed wroth at his ill-usage of her, 'for such outward neglect as many practise in these days towards their wives, for that it was the fashion at the Court to appear unhusbandly; but if women would be patient, she would warrant them their love should be requited at last.' And when news came that Phil had sold an estate for to purchase—God save the mark!—a circlet of black pearls for the Queen; and Lord Arundel swore he should leave him none of his lands but what by Act of Parliament he was compelled to do, she smiled winsomely, and said: 'Yea, my lord, I pray you, let my dear Phil be a poor man, as his father wished him to be, and then, if it please God, we may live in a cottage and be happy.' And so turned away his anger by soft words, for he laughed and answered: 'Heaven help thee, Nan! but I fear that cottage must needs be Arundel Castle, for my hands are so tied therein that thy knavish husband cannot fail to inherit it. And, beshrew me, if I would either rob thee of it, mine own good Nan, or its old walls of thy sweet presence when I shall be dead.' And so she always pleaded for him, and never lost heart until . . . Oh, Mistress Sherwood, I shall never forget the day when her uncle, Francis Dacre,—wisely or unwisely I know not, but surely meaning well,—gave her to read in this house, where she was spending a day, a letter which had fallen into his hands, I wot not how, in the which Philip—God forgive him!—expressed some kind of doubt if he was truly married to her or not. Some wily wretch had, I ween, whispered to him, in an evil hour, this accursed thought. When she saw this misdoubt written in his hand, she straightway fell down in a swoon, which recovering from, the first thing she did was to ask for her cloak and hat, and would have walked alone to her house if I had not stayed her almost by force, until Lord Arundel's coach could be got ready for her. In less than two hours she returned with so wan and death-like a countenance that it frightened me to see her, and for some time she would not speak of what had passed between her lord and herself; only she asked for to stay always in this house, if it should please her grandfather, and not to part from us any more. At the which speech I could but kiss her, and with many tears protest that this should be the joyfullest news in the world to Lord Arundel and to me, and what he would most desire, if it were not for her grief, which, like an ill wind, yet did blow us this good. 'Yea,' she answered, with the deepest sigh which can be thought of, 'a cold withering blast which driveth me from the shelter which should be mine! I have heard it said that when Cardinal Wolsey lay a-dying, he cried, "It were well with me now

if I had served my God with the like zeal with which I have served my King," or some words of that sort. Oh, my Lady Lumley! the poor child exclaimed, 'if I had not loved Philip more than God and His Church, methinks I should not thus be cast off!' 'Cast off,' I cried; 'and has my graceless nephew, then, been so wicked?' 'Oh, he is changed,' she answered, — 'he is changed. In his eyes, in his voice, I found not Philip's looks, nor Philip's tones. Nought but harshness and impatience to dismiss me. The Queen, he said, was coming to rest at his house on her way to the City, and he lacked leisure to listen to my complaints. Then I felt grief and anger rise in my breast with such vehemency, that I charged him, maybe too suddenly, with the doubt he had expressed in his letter to my Lord Oxford. His face flushed deeply; but drawing up haughtily, as one aggrieved, he said the manner of our marrying had been so unusual, that there were some, and those persons well qualified to judge, who misdoubted if there did not exist a flaw in its validity. That he should himself be loath to think so; but that to seek at that moment to prove the contrary, when his fortunes hung on a thread, would be to ruin him.'

"There she paused, and clasped her hands together as if scarce able to proceed; but soon raising her head, she related in a passionate manner how her heart had then swelled well-nigh to bursting, pride and tenderness restraining the utterance of such resentful thoughts as rose in her when she remembered his father's last letter, wherein he said his chief prop and stay in his fallen estate should be the wife he had bestowed on him; of her own lands sold for the supply of his prodigal courtiership; of her long patience and pleading for him to others; and this his present treatment of her, which no wife could brook, even if of mean birth and virtue, much less one his equal in condition, as well dowered as any in the land, and as faithful and tender to him as he did prove untoward to her. But none of these reproaches passed her lips; for it was an impossible thing to her, she said, to urge her own deserts, or so much as mention the fortune she had brought him. Only twice she repeated, 'Ruin your fortunes, my lord! ruin your fortunes! God help me, I had thought rather to mend them!' And then, when he tried to answer her in some sort of evading fashion, as if unsaying, and yet not wholly denying his former speech, she broke forth (and in the relation of this scene the passion of her grief renewed itself) in vehement adjurations, which seemed somewhat to move him, not to be so unjust to her or to himself as to leave that in uncertainty which so nearly touched both their honours; and if the thought of a mutual love once existing between them, and a firm bond of marriage relied on with

unshaken security, and his father's dying blessing on it, and the humble duty she had shown him from the time she had borne his name, sufficed not to resolve him thereunto, yet, for the sake of justice to one fatherless and brotherless as herself, she charged him without delay to make that clear which, left uncertain, concerned her more nearly than fortune or state, and without which no, not one day, would she abide in his house. Then the sweet soul said she hoped, from his not ungracious silence and the working of his features, which visibly revealed an inward struggle, that his next words should have been of comfort to her; but when she had drawn nigh to him, and taking his hand called him by his name with so much of reproachful endearment as could be expressed in the utterance of it, a gentleman broke into the room, crying out: 'My lord, my lord, the trumpets do sound! The Queen's coach is in sight.' Upon which, she said that, with a muttered oath, he started up and almost thrust her from him, saying, 'For God's sake, be gone!' 'And by a back-door,' she added, 'I went out of mine own house into the street, where I had left my Lord Arundel's coach, and crept into it, very faint and giddy, the while the Queen's coach did enter the court, with gay banners waving, and striking-up of music, and the people crying out, 'God bless the Queen!' 'I cry God mercy for it,' she said, 'but I could not say Amen.' Now she is resolved," my Lady Lumley continued, "never to set her foot again in any of her husband's houses, except he doth himself entreat her to it, and makes that matter clear touching his belief in the validity of their marriage; and methinks she is right therein. My Lord Arundel hath written to remonstrate with his grandson touching his ill-usage of his lady, and hath also addressed her majesty thereupon. But all the comment she did make on his letter, I have been told, was this: 'That she had heard my Lord Arundel was in his dotage; and verily she did now hold it to be so, for that she had never received a more foolish letter; and she did pity the old white horse, which was now only fit to be turned out to grass;' and other biting jests, which, when a sovereign doth utter them, carry with them a rare poignancy."

Then my Lady Lumley wiped her eyes, and bade me to be of good cheer, and not to grieve overmuch for Lady Surrey's troubles (but all the while her own tears continued to flow), for that she had so noble and religious a disposition, with germs of so much virtue in it, that she thought her to be one of those souls whom Almighty God draws to Himself by means of such trials as would sink common natures; and that she had already marked how, in much prayer, ever-increasing good works, and reading of books which treat of wholesome doctrine and instruction, she presently recalled the teach-

ings of her childhood, and took occasion, when any Catholics came to the house, to converse with them touching religion. Then, with many kind expressions, she dismissed me; and on the stairs, as I went out, I met Lady Surrey, who noticed mine eyes to be red with weeping, and embracing me, said :

"I ween Lady Lumley hath been no hider of my griefs, good Constance; and, i' faith, I am obliged to her if she hath told thee that which I would fain not speak of, even to thee, dear wench. There are sorrows best borne in silence; and since the last days we talked together mine have grown to be of that sort. And so farewell for to-day, and may God comfort thee in thy nobler troubles, and send His angels to thine aid."

When I returned to Holborn, Mistress Ward met me with the news that she had been to the prison, and heard that Mr. Watson was to be strenuously examined on an approaching day,—and it is well known what that doth signify,—touching the names of the persons which had harboured him since his coming to England. And albeit he was now purposed steadily to endure extreme torments sooner than to deny his faith or injure others, she did so much apprehend the weakness of nature should betray him, that her resolve was taken to attempt the next day, or rather on the following night, to further his escape. But how, she asked, could my father be dealt with in time touching that matter? I told her I was to see him on the morrow, by means of an order from Sir Francis Walsingham, and should then lay before him the issues offered unto his election. She said, she was very much contented to hear it; and added, she must now secure boatmen to assist in the escape, who should be reliable Catholic men; and if in this she did succeed, she feared not to fail in her design.

At the hour I had fixed upon with Hubert, on the next day he came to carry me to the prison at Bridewell. Mistress Ward prevailed on Mr. Congleton to go thither with us, for she was loath to be seen there in company with known persons, and added privily in mine ear, "The more so at a time when it may happen I should get into trouble touching the matter I have in hand." When we reached the place, Hubert presented to the gaoler Sir Francis's letter, which was also signed by the governor, and I was forthwith conducted to my father's cell. When I entered it, and advanced towards that dear prisoner, I dared not in the man's presence to show either the joy or grief I felt at that meeting, but stood by his side like one deprived of the power of speech, and only struggling to restrain my tears. I feared we should not have been left alone, and then this interview should have proved of little use or comfort; but after setting for me

a chair, which he had sent for,—for there was only one small bench in the cell,—this officer withdrew, and locked the door on me and that dear parent, whose face was very white and wan, but who spoke in as cheerful and kind a manner as can be thought of, albeit taxing me with wilfulness for that I had not complied with his behest that none should come to visit him. I would not have the chair which had been set for me,—for I did hold it to be an unbecoming thing for a daughter to sit down in her father's presence (and he a priest), who had only a poor bench to rest his limbs on,—but placed myself on the ground at his feet; which at first he disliked, but afterwards said it should be as I pleased. Then, after some affectionate speeches, wherein his great goodness towards me was shown, and my answers to them, which disburthened my heart of some of the weight which oppressed it, as did likewise the shedding of a few tears on his hand, which was clasped in mine, I spoke, in case time should press, of Sir Francis's offer, and the condition thereunto attached, which I did with a trembling voice, and yet such indifferent tones as I could affect, as if showing no leaning to one way of thinking or the other, touching his acceptance of these terms. In the brief time which did elapse between my speaking and his reply, methinks I had an equal fear lest he should assent or dissent therein. Filial love mightfully prompting me to desire his acceptance of this means of deliverance, yet coupled with an apprehension that in that case he should stand one degree less high in the favour of God and the eyes of men. But I was angered with myself that I should have mine own thoughts therein, or in any way form a judgment forestalling his, which peradventure would see no evil in this concession; and forecasting also the consequences which should ensue if he refused, I resolved to move him thereunto by some such words as these: "My dearly beloved father, if it be possible, I pray you yield this small matter to those that seek to save your life. Let the minister come to satisfy Sir Francis, and all shall be well, yea, without your speaking one word, or by so much as one look assenting to his arguments."

I dared not to meet his eyes, which he fixed on me, but kept kissing his hand whilst he said: "Daughter Constance, labour not to move me in this matter; for far above all other things I may have to suffer, nothing would touch me so near, or be so grievous to me, as to see you, my well-beloved child, try to persuade me unto that which in respect of my soul I will never consent to. For, I pray you, first as regards religion, can I suffer any to think, albeit I should give no cause for it but silence, that my faith is in any wise shaken, which peradventure would prove a stumbling-block to others? or, touching truth and honesty, shall I accept life and free-

dom on some such supposition as that I am like to change my religion, when I should as soon think to cast myself into hell of mine own free will as to deny one point of Catholic belief? No, no, mine own good child; 'tis a narrow path which doth lead to heaven, and maybe it shall prove exceeding narrow for me ere I reach its end, and not over easy to the feet or pleasant to the eye; but God defend I should by so much as one hair's-breadth overpass a narrowness which tendeth to so good a conclusion; and verily, to be short, my good child, tender my thanks to Sir Francis Walsingham—who I doubt not meaneth excellently well by me, and to young Master Rookwood, who hath dealt with him therein; but tell them I am very well pleased with my present abode as long as it shall please God to keep me in this world; and when He willeth me to leave it, believe me, daughter Constance, the quickest road to heaven shall be the most pleasing to me."

His manner was so resolved that I urged him no further, and only heaved a deep sigh. Then he said, kindly: "Come, mine own good child, give me so much comfort as to let me hear that thou art of the same way of thinking in this matter as thy unworthy but very resolved father."

"My dear father," I replied, "methinks I never loved you so well, or honoured you one half so much as now, when you have cast off all human consolations, yea, and a certain hope of deliverance, rather than give occasion to the enemies of our faith to boast they had prevailed on you in ever so small a matter, to falter in the open profession thereof; and I pray God if ever I should be in a like plight, I may not prove myself to be otherwise than your true child in spirit as in nature. As to what shall now follow your refusal, it lieth in God's hands, and I know He can deliver you, if He doth will it, from this great peril you are in."

"There's my brave wench," quoth he then, laying his scarred hand on my head; "thy mother had a prophetic spirit, I ween, when she said of thee when yet a puling girl, 'As her days so shall her strength be.' Verily God is very good, who hath granted us these moments of peaceful converse in a place where we had once little thought for to meet."

As I looked upon him, sitting on a poor bench in that comfortless cell, his noble fair visage oldened by hardships and toils rather than years, his eyes so full of peace, yea of contentment, that joy seemed to beam in them, I thought of the words of Holy Writ, which do foretell what shall be said hereafter of the just by such as have afflicted them and taken away their labours: "There are they whom we had some time in derision and for a parable of reproach.

We fools esteemed their life madness and their end without honour. Behold, how they are numbered with the children of God, and their lot amongst the saints."

At that time a knock against the wall was heard, and my father set his ear against it, counting the number of such knocks; for it was Mr. Watson, he said, beginning to converse with him in their wonted fashion. "I will tell him I am engaged," quoth he, in his turn tapping in the same manner.

"But peradventure he hath somewhat to communicate," I said.

"No," he answered, "for in that case he would have knocked three times at first, for on this signal we have agreed." Smiling, he added, "We do confess to each other in this way. 'Tis somewhat tedious, I do admit; but thanks be to God we lack not leisure here for such duties."

Then I briefly told him of Mistress Ward's intent to procure Mr. Watson's escape.

"Ay," he said, "I am privy to it, and I do pray God it may succeed. It should be to me the greatest joy in the world to hear that good man was set free, or made free by any good means."

"Then," I added, "will you not join in the attempt, if so be she can convey to you a cord? and the same boat should carry you both off."

"Nay," he replied; "for more reasons than one I am resolved against that in mine own case, which in Mr. Watson's I do commend. This enterprise must needs bring that good woman, Mrs. Ward, into some sort of danger, which she doth well to run for his sake, and which he doth not wrong to consent unto, she being of a willing mind to encounter it. For if the extremity of torture should extort the admissions they do seek from him, many should then grievously suffer, and mostly his own soul. But I have that trust in God, who hath given me in all my late perils, what nature had verily not furnished me with,—an undaunted spirit to meet sufferings with somewhat more than fortitude, with a very great joy such as His grace can only bestow,—that He will continue to do so, whatever straits I do find myself in; and being so minded, I am resolved not again by mine own doing to put mine own and others' lives in jeopardy; but to take what He shall send in the ordinary course of things, throwing all my care on Him, without whose knowledge and will not so much as one hair of our heads doth fall to the ground. But I am glad to be privy to the matter in hand for Mr. Watson, so as to pray for him this day and night, and also for that noble soul who doth show herself so true a Christian in her care for his weal and salvation."

Then changing to other themes, he inquired of me at some length touching the passages of my life since he had parted with me, and my dispositions touching the state of life I was about to embrace, concerning which he gave me the most profitable instructions which can be thought of, and rules of virtue, which, albeit imperfectly observed, have proved of so great and wholesome guidance to my inexperienced years, that I do stand more indebted to him for this fine advice there given me, than for all other benefits besides. He then spoke of Edmund Genings, who, by a special dispensation of the Pope, had lately been ordained priest, being but twenty-three years of age, and said the preparation he had made for receiving this holy order was very great, and the impression the greatness of the charge made upon his mind so strong, that it produced a wonderful effect in his very body, affecting for a time his health. He was infirmarian at Rheims, and laboured among the sick students, a very model of piety and humility; but *vivamus in spe* was still, as heretofore, his motto, and that hope in which he lived was to be sent upon the English mission. These my father said were the last tidings he had heard of him. His mother he did believe was dead, and his younger brother had left La Rochelle and was in Paris, leading a more gay life than was desirable. "And now I pray you, mine own dear honoured father," I said, "favour me, I beseech you, with a recital of your own haps since you landed in England, and I ceased to receive letters from you." He condescended to my request, in the words which do follow:

"Well, my good child, I arrived in this country one year and five months back, having by earnest suit and no small difficulty obtained from my superiors to be sent on the English mission; for by reason of the weakness of my health, and some use I was of in the College, owing to my acquaintanceship with the French and the English languages, Dr. Allen was loath to permit my departure. I crossed the seas in a small merchant-vessel, and landed at Lynn. The port-officers searched me to the skin, and found nothing on me; but one Sledd, an informer, which had met me in an inn at Honfleur, where I had lodged for some days before sailing for England, had taken my marks very precisely; and arriving in London some time before I landed in Norfolk, having been stayed by contrary winds in my longer passage, he there presented my name and marks; upon which the Queen's Council sent to the searchers of the ports. These found the said marks very apparent in me; but for the avoiding of charges, the mayor of the place, one Mr. Alcock, and Rawlins the searcher, requested a gentleman which had landed at the same time with me, and who called himself Haward, to carry me as a prisoner

to the lord-lieutenant of the county. He agreed very easily thereunto; but as soon as we were out of the town, 'I cannot,' says this gentleman, 'in conscience, nor will not, being myself a Catholic, deliver you, a Catholic priest, prisoner to the lord-lieutenant. But we will go straight to Norwich, and when we come there shift for yourself, as I will do for myself.' Coming to Norwich, I went immediately to one of the gaols, and conferred with a Catholic, a friend of mine, which by chance I found out to be there imprisoned for recusancy. I recounted to him the order of my apprehension and escape; and he told me that in conscience I could not make that escape, and persuaded me I ought to yield myself prisoner; whereupon I went to my friend Haward, whom, through the aforesaid Catholic prisoner, I found to be no other than Dr. Ely, a Professor of Canon and Civil Law at Douay. I requested him to deliver to me the mayor's letter to the lord-lieutenant. 'Why, what will you do with it?' said he. 'I will go,' I said, 'and carry it to him, and yield myself a prisoner for I am not satisfied I can make this escape in conscience, having had a contrary opinion thereon.' And I told him what that prisoner I had just seen had urged. 'Why,' said Haward, 'this counsel which hath been given you proceedeth, I confess, from a zealous mind; but I doubt whether it carrieth with it the weight of knowledge. You shall not have the letter, nor you may not in conscience yield yourself to the persecutors, having so good means offered to escape their cruelty.' But as I still persisted in my demand: 'Well,' said Mr. Haward, 'seeing you will not be turned by me from this opinion, let us go first and consult with such a man,' and he named one newly come over, who was concealed at the house of a Catholic not very far off. This was a man of singular wit and learning, and of such rare virtues that I honoured and revered him greatly, which Mr. Haward perceiving, he said, with a smile, 'If he be of your opinion, you shall have the letter, and go in God's name!' When we came to him, he utterly disliked of my intention, and dissuaded me from what he said was a fond cogitation. So being assuaged, I went quietly about my business, and travelled for the space of more than a year from one Catholic house to another in Norfolk and Suffolk, ministering the Sacraments to recusants, and reconciling many to the Church, which, from fear or lack of instruction or spiritual counsel, or only indifferency, had conformed to the times. Methinks, daughter Constance, for one such year a man should be willing to lay down a thousand lives, albeit, or rather because, as St. Paul saith, he be 'in journeyings often, in perils from his own nation, in perils from false brethren' (oh, how true and applicable do these words prove to the Catholics of this land!), 'in

perils in the city, in perils of the wilderness, in perils of the sea.' And if it pleases God now to send me labours of another sort, so that I may be in prisons frequently, in stripes above measure, and, finally, in death itself, His true servant;—oh, believe me, my good child, the right fair house I once had, with its library and garden and orchard, and every thing so handsome about us, and the company of thy sweet mother, and thy winsome childish looks of love, never gave me so much heartfelt joy and comfort as the new similitude I experience, and greater I hope to come, to my loved and only Master's sufferings and death!"

At this time of his recital, my tears flowed abundantly; but with an imparted sweetness, which, like a reflected light, shone from his soul on mine. But to stay my weeping, he changed his tone, and said with good cheer:

"Come now, my wench; I will presently make thee merry by the recital of a strait in which I once found myself, and which maketh me laugh to think on it, albeit at the time, I warrant thee, it was like to prove no laughable matter. It happened that year I speak of, that I was once secretly sent for by a courtlike gentleman of good wealth that had lived in much bravery, and was then sick and lying in great pain. He had fallen into a vehement agitation and deep study of the life to come; and thereupon called for a priest,—for in mind and opinion he was Catholic,—that he might learn from him to die well. According to the custom of the Church, I did admonish him, among other things, that if he had any way hurt or injured any man, or unjustly possessed other men's goods, he should go about by and by to make restitution according to his ability. He agreed to do so, and called to mind that he had taken away something from a certain Calvinist, under pretence of law indeed, but not under any good assurance for a Catholic conscience to trust to. Therefore he took order for restitution to be made, and died. The widow, his wife, was very anxious to accomplish her husband's will; but being afraid to commit the matter to any one, her perplexed mind was entangled in briers of doubtfulness. She one day declared her grief unto me, and beseeched me, for God's sake, to help her with my counsel and travail. So, seeing her distress, I proffered to put myself in any peril that might befall in the doing of this thing; but indeed persuaded myself that no man would be so perverse as of a benefit to desire revengement. Therefore committing the matter to God, I mounted on horseback, and away I went on my journey. When I came to the town where the man did dwell to whom the money was to be delivered, I set-up my horse in the next inn, that I might be readier at hand to scape in-

mediately after my business was despatched. I then went to the creditor's house, and called the man forth alone, taking him by the hand and leading him aside from the company of others. Then I declared to him that I had money for him, which I would deliver into his hands with this condition, that he inquired no further either who sent or who brought it unto him, or what the cause and matter was, but only receive the money and use it as his own. The old fellow promised fair, and with a good-will gave his word faithfully so to do, and with many thanks sent me away. With all the speed I was able to make, I hastened to mine host's house, for to catch hold of my horse and fly away. But forthwith the deceitful old fellow betrayed me, and sent men after to apprehend me, not supposing me this time to be a priest, but making the surmise against me that forsooth I was not a man but a devil, which had brought money of mine own making to bewitch him. All the people of the town, when they heard the rumour, confirmed the argument with this proof among others, that I had a black horse, and gave orders for to watch the animal diligently, whether he did eat hay as other horses, or no. As for me, they put a horse-lock about my leg, shut me up close in a strong chamber, and appointed a fellow to be with me continually night and day, which should watch if I did put off my boots at any time, and if my feet were like horse's feet, or that I was cloven-footed, or had feet slit and forked as beasts have; for this they affirmed to be a special mark whereby to know the devil when he lieth lurking under the shape and likeness of a man. Then the people assembled about the house in great numbers, and proffered money largely that they might see this monster with their own eyes; for by this time they were persuaded that I was indeed an ill spirit, or the very devil. 'For what man was ever heard of,' said they, 'which, if he had the mind, understanding, and sense of a man, would, of his own voluntary will and without any respect or consideration at all, give or proffer such a sum of money to a man utterly unknown?' God knoweth what should have ensued if some hours later it had not chanced that Sir Henry Stafford did ride into the town, and seeing a great concourse of people at the door of the inn, he stopped to inquire into the cause; which when it was related to him, he said he was a magistrate, and should himself examine face to face this limb of Satan. So I was taken before him into the parlour; and being alone with him, and knowing him to be well-disposed in religion, albeit conforming to the times, I explained in a general manner what sort of an errand had brought me to that place. Methinks he guessed me to be a priest, although he said nothing thereon, but only licensed me to depart and go away whither

I would, himself letting me out of the house through a back-door. I have heard since that he harangued the people from the balcony, and told them, that whilst he was examining me a strong smell of sulphur had come into the chamber, and a pack of devils carried me off through the window into the air; and he doubted not I had by that time returned to mine own lodging in hell. Which he did, I knew, for to prevent their pursuing me and using such violence as he might not have had means to hinder."

"It was not, then," I asked, "on this occasion you were apprehended and taken to Wisbeach?"

"No," he answered; "nor indeed can I be said to have been apprehended at all, for it happened in this wise that I became a prisoner. I was one day in Norwich, whither I had gone to baptise a child, and as Providence would have it, met with Haward, by whose means I had been set at liberty one year before. After ordinary salutations, he said to me, 'Mr. Tunstall' (for by that name only he knew me), 'the host of the inn where you were taken last year says I have undone him, by suffering the prisoner I had promised to deliver to escape; for he having been my surety with the mayor, he is threatened with eight months' imprisonment, or the payment of a large fine.' He hath come to this town for to seek me, and hath seized upon me on this charge; so that I be only at liberty for six hours, for I promised that I would bring you to him by four o'clock (a Catholic merchant yielding him security thereof), or else that I should deliver him my body again. 'I am content,' he said, 'so that I have one of you two.' So either you, Mr. Tunstall, or I, must needs go to prison. You know my state and condition, and may guess how I shall be treated, if once I appear under my right name before them. You know also your own state. Now, it is in your choice whether of us shall go; for one must go: there is no remedy; and to force you I will not, for I had rather sustain any punishment whatsoever.' 'Now God be blessed,' I cried, 'that He hath thrown me in your way at this time, for I should never while I lived have been without scruple if you had gone to prison in my stead. Nothing grieveth me in this but that I have not finished off some business I had in this town touching a person in some distress of mind.' 'Why,' said Haward, 'it is but ten o'clock yet; you may despatch your business by four of the clock, and then you may go to the sign of the Star, and inquire for one Mr. Andrews, the Lord-Lieutenant's deputy, and to him you may surrender yourself.' 'So I will,' I said; and so we parted. At four of the clock I surrendered myself, and was straightway despatched to Wisbeach Castle, where I remained for three months. A message reached me there that a

Catholic which had led a very wicked life, and was lying on his death-bed, was almost beside himself for that he could get no priest to come to him. The person which delivered this advertisement left some ropes with me, by which means I escaped out of the window into the moat, with such damage to my hands that I was like to lose the use of them, and perhaps of my life, if these wounds had mortified before good Lady l'Estrange dressed them. But I reached the poor sinner, which had proved the occasion of my escaping, in time for to give him absolution, and from Mr. Rugeley's house visited many Catholics in that neighbourhood. The rest is well known to thee, my good child. . . ."

As he was speaking these words the door of the cell opened, and the gaoler advertised me I could tarry no longer; so, with many blessings my dear father dismissed me, and I went home with Mr. Congleton and Hubert, who anxiously inquired what his answer had been to the proposal I had carried to him.

"A most resolved denial of the condition attached to it," I said, "joined to many grateful acknowledgments to Sir Francis and to you also for your efforts in his favour."

"'Tis madness!" he exclaimed.

"Yea," I answered, "such madness as the heathen governor did charge St. Paul with."

And so no more passed between us whilst we rode back to Holborn. Mr. Congleton put questions to me touching my father's health and his looks,—if he seemed of good cheer, and spoke merrily as he used to do; and then we all continued silent. When we arrived at Ely Place, Hubert refused to come into the house, but detained me on the outward steps, as if desirous to converse with me alone. Thinking I had spoken to him in the coach in an abrupt manner which savoured of ingratitude, I said more gently, "I am very much beholden to you, Hubert, for your well-meaning towards my father."

"I would fain continue to help you," he answered in an agitated voice. "Constance," he exclaimed, after a pause, "your father is in a very dangerous plight."

"I know it," said I, quickly; "but I know, too, he is resolved and content to die rather than swerve an inch from his duty to God and His Church."

"But," quoth he then, "do you wish to save him?"

I looked at him amazed. "Wish it! God knoweth that to see him in safety I would have my hand cut off,—yea, and my head also."

"What, and rob him of his expectant crown,—the martyr's palm, and all the rest of it?" he said, with a perceptible sneer.

"Hubert!" I passionately exclaimed, "you are investigable to me; you chill my soul with your half-uttered sentences and uncertain meanings! Once, I remember, you could speak nobly,—yea, and feel so too, as much as any one. Heaven shield you be not wholly changed!"

"Changed!" quoth he, in a low voice, "I am changed;" and then abruptly altering his manner, and leaving me in doubt as to the change he did intend to speak of, he pressed me to take no measures touching my father's release till he had spoken with me again; for he said if his real name became known, or others dealt in the matter, all hope on Sir Francis's side should be at an end. He then asked me if I had heard of Basil lately. I told him of the letter I had had from him at Kenninghall some weeks back. He said a report had reached him that he had landed at Dover and was coming to London; but he hoped it was not true, for that Sir Henry Stafford was very urgent he should continue abroad till the expiration of his wardship.

I said, "If he was returned, it must surely be for some sufficient cause, but that I had heard nothing thereof, and had no reason to expect it."

"But you would know it, I presume, if he was in London?" he urged. I disliked his manner, which always put me in mind of one in the dark, which feeleth his way as he advances, and goeth not straight to the point.

"Is Basil in England?" I inquired, fixing mine eyes on him, and with a flutter at my heart from the thought that it should be possible.

"I heard he was," he answered in a careless tone; "but I think it not to be true. If he should come whilst this matter is in hand, I do conjure you, Constance, if you value your father's existence and Basil's also, let him not into this secret."

"Wherefore not?" I quickly answered. "Why should one meet to be trusted, and by me above all other persons in the world, be kept ignorant of what so nearly doth touch me?"

"Because," he said, "there is a rashness in his nature which will assuredly cause him to run headlong into danger if not forcibly withheld from the occasions of it."

"I have seen no tokens of such rashness as you speak of in him," I replied; "only of a boldness such as well becomes a Christian and a gentleman."

"Constance Sherwood!" Hubert exclaimed, and seized hold of my hand with a vehemency which caused me to start, "I do entreat you, yea, on my bended knees, if needs be, I will beseech you to be-

ware of that indomitable and resolved spirit which sets at defiance restraint, prudence, pity even; which leads you to brave your friends, spurn wholesome counsel, rush headlong into perils which I forewarn you do hang thickly about your path. If I can conjure them, I care not by what means, I will do so; but for the sake of all you do hold dear, curb your natural impetuosity, which may prove the undoing of those you most desire to serve."

There was a plausibility in this speech, and in mine own knowledge of myself some sort of a confirmation of what he did charge me with, which inclined me somewhat to diffide of mine own judgment in this matter, and not to turn a wholly deaf ear to his advertisement. He had the most persuasive tongue in the world, and a rare art at representing things under whatever aspect he chose. He dealt so cunningly therein with me that day, and used so many ingenious arguments, that I said I should be very careful how I disclosed any thing to Basil or any one else touching my father's imprisonment, who Mr. Tunstall was, and my near concern in his fate; but would give no promise thereupon: so he was forced to content himself with as much as he could obtain, and withdrew himself for that day, he said; but promised to return on the morrow.

CHAPTER XVIII.

WHEN at last I entered the house, I sought Mistress Ward; for I desired to hear what assistance she had procured for the escape of the prisoners, and to inform her of my father's resolved purpose not himself to attempt this flight, albeit commending her for moving Mr. Watson to it and assisting him therein. Not finding her in the parlour, nor in her bed-chamber, I opened the door of my aunt's room, who was now very weak, and yet more so in mind than in body. She was lying with her eyes shut, and Mistress Ward standing by her bedside. I marked her intent gaze on the aged placid face of the poor lady, and one tear I saw roll down her cheek. Then she stooped to kiss her forehead. A noise I made with the handle of the door caused her to turn round, and hastening towards me, she took me by the hand and led me to her chamber, where Muriel was folding some biscuits and cakes in paper and stowing them in a basket. The thought came to me of the first day I had arrived in London, and the comfort I had found in this room, when all except her were strangers to me in that house. She sat down betwixt Muriel and me, and smiling, said: "Now, mine own dear children, for such my heart holds you both to be, and ever will whilst I live, I am come here for to tell you that I purpose not to return to

this house to-night, nor can I foresee when, if ever, I shall be free to do so."

"O, what dismal news!" I exclaimed, "and more sad than I did expect."

Muriel said nothing, but lifting her hand to her lips, kissed it.

"You both know," she continued, "that in order to save one in cruel risk and temptation of apostasy, and others perhaps also, whom his possible speaking should imperil, I be about to put myself in some kind of danger, who of all persons in the world possess the best right to do so, as having neither parents, or husband, or children, or any on earth who do depend on my care. Yea, it is true," she added, fixing her eyes on Muriel's composed, but oh, how sorrowful countenance, "none dependent on my care, albeit some very dear to me, and which hang on me, and I on them, in the way of fond affection. God knoweth mine heart, and that it is very closely and tenderly entwined about each one in this house. Good Mr. Congleton and your dear mother, who hath clung to me so long, though I thank God not so much of late by reason of the weakening of her mind, which hath ceased greatly to notice changes about her, and you, Constance, my good child, since your coming hither, a little lass commended to my keeping. . . ." There she stopped, and I felt she could not name Muriel, or then so much as look on her; for if ever two souls were bound together by an unperishable bond of affection, begun on earth, to last in heaven, theirs were so united. I ween Muriel was already acquainted with her purpose, for she asked no questions thereon; whereas I exclaimed, "I do very well know, good Mistress Ward, what perils you do run in this charitable enterprise; but wherefore, I pray you, this final manner of parting? God's providence may shield you from harm in this passage, and, indeed, human probability should lead us to hope for your safety if becoming precautions be observed. Then why, I say, this certain farewell?"

"Because," she answered, "whatever comes of this night's enterprise, I return not to this house."

"And wherefore not?" I cried; "this is indeed a cruel resolve, a hard misfortune."

"Heretofore," she answered, "I had noways offended against the laws of the country, except in respect of recusancy, wherein all here are alike involved; but by mine act to-night I do expose myself to so serious a charge (conscience obliging me to prefer the law of Divine charity to that of human authority), that I may at any time and without the least hope of mercy be exposed to detection and apprehension; and so am resolved not to draw down sorrow and

obloquy on the gray hairs of my closest friends, and on your young years such perils as I do willingly in mine own person incur, but would not have others to be involved in. Therefore I will lodge, leastwise for a time, with one who feareth not any more than I do persecution, who hath no ties and little or nothing on earth to lose, and if she had would willingly yield it a thousand times over for to save a soul for whom Christ died. Nor will I have you privy, my dear children, to the place of mine abode, that if questioned on it you may with truth aver yourselves to be ignorant thereof. And now," she said, turning to me, "is Mr. Sherwood willing for to try to escape by the same means as Mr. Watson? for methinks I have found a way to convey to him a cord, and, by means of the management he knoweth of, instructions how to use it."

"Nay," I answered; "he will not himself avail himself of this means, albeit he is much rejoiced you have it in hand for Mr. Watson's deliverance from his tormentors; and he doth pray fervently for it to succeed."

"Every thing promiseth well," she replied; "I dealt this day with an honest Catholic boatman, a servant of Mr. Hodgson, who is willing to assist in it. Two men are needed for to row the boat with so much speed as shall be necessary to carry it quickly beyond reach of pursuers. He knoweth none of his own craft which should be reliable or else disposed to risk the enterprise; but he says, at a house of resort for Catholics which he doth frequent, he chanced to fall in with a young gentleman lately landed from France, whom he doth make sure will lend his aid in it. As dextrous a man," he saith, "to handle an oar, and of as courageous a spirit, as can be found in England."

As soon as she had uttered these words, I thought of what Hubert had said touching a report of Basil being in London and of his rashness in plunging into dangers; a cold shiver ran through me. "Did he tell you this gentleman's name?" I asked.

"No," she answered, "he would not mention it; but only that he was one who could be trusted with the lives of ten thousand persons, and so zealous a Catholic he would any day risk his life to do some good service to a priest."

"And hath this boatman promised," I inquired, "to wait for Mr. Watson and convey him away?"

"Yea, most strictly," she answered; "at twelve o'clock of the night he and his companion shall approach a boat to the side of some scaffolding which lieth under the wall of the prison; and when the clock of the tower striketh, Mr. Watson shall open his window, the bars of which he hath found it possible to remove, and, by means of the cord, which is of the length he measured should be necessary,

he will let himself down on the planks, whence he can step into the boat, and be carried to a place of concealment in a close part of the City till it shall be convenient for him to cross the sea to France."

"Must you go?" I said, seeing her rise, and feeling a dull hard heaviness at my heart which did well-nigh impede my utterance. I was not willing to let her know the fear I had conceived; "of what use should it be," I inwardly argued, "to disturb her in the discharge of her perilous task by a surmise which might prove groundless; and, indeed, were it certainly true, could she, nay, would she, alter her intent, or could I so much as ask her to do it?" Whilst, with Muriel's assistance, she concluded the packing of her basket, wherein the weighty cord was concealed in an ingenious manner, I stood by watching the doing of it, fearing to see her depart, yet unable to think of any means by which to delay that which I could not, even if I had willed it, prevent. When the last contents were placed in the basket, and Muriel was pressing down the lid, I said: "Do you, peradventure, know the name of the inn where you said that gentleman doth tarry which the boatman spake of?"

"No," she replied; "nor so much as where the good boatman himself lodgeth. I met with him at Mr. Hodgson's house, and there made this agreement."

"But if," I said, "it should happen by any reason that Mr. Watson changed his mind, how should you, then, inform him of it?"

"In that case," she answered, "he would hang a white kerchief outside his window, by which they should be advertised to withdraw themselves. And now," she added, "I have always been of the way of thinking that farewells should be brief; and 'God speed you,' and 'God bless you,' enough for those which do hope, if it shall please God on earth, but for a surety in heaven, to meet again."

So, kissing us both somewhat hurriedly, she took up her basket on her arm, and said she should send a messenger on the morrow for her clothes; at which Muriel, for the first time, shed some tears, which was an instance of what I have often noticed, that grief, howsoever heavy, doth not always overflow in the eyes unless some familiar words or homely circumstance doth substantiate the verity of a sorrow known indeed, but not wholly apparent till its common effects be seen. Then we two sat awhile alone in that empty chamber,—empty of her which for so long years had tenanted it to our no small comfort and benefit. When the light waned, Muriel lit a candle, and said she must go for to attend on her mother, for that duty did now devolve chiefly on her; and I could see in her sad but composed face the conquering peace which doth exceed all human consolation.

For mine own part, I was so unhinged by doubtful suspense that

I lacked ability to employ my mind in reading or my fingers in stitch-work; and so descended for relief into the garden, where I wandered to and fro like an uneasy ghost, seeking rest, but finding none. The dried shaking leaves made a light noise in falling, which caused me each time to think I heard a footstep behind me. And despite the increasing darkness, after I had paced up and down for near unto an hour, some one verily did come walking along the alley where I was, seeking to overtake me. Turning round I perceived it to be mine own dear aged friend, Mr. Roper. Oh, what great comfort I experienced in the sight of this good man! How eager was my greeting of him! How full my heart as I poured into his ear the narrative of the passages which had befallen me since we had met! Of the most weighty he knew somewhat; but nothing of the last haunting fear I had, lest my dear Basil should be in London, and this very night engaged in the perilous attempt to carry off Mr. Watson. When I told him of it, he started and exclaimed:

"God defend it!" but quickly corrected himself and cried "God's mercy, that my first feeling should have led me to think rather of Basil's safety than of the fine spirit he showed in all instances where a good action had to be done, or a service rendered to those in affliction."

"Indeed, Mr. Roper," I said, as he led me back to the house and into the solitary parlour (where my uncle now seldom came, but remained sitting alone in his library, chiefly engaged in praying and reading), "I do condemn mine own weakness in this, and pray God to give me strength for what may come upon us; but I do promise you 'tis no easy matter to carry always so high a heart that it shall not sink with human fears and griefs in such passages as these."

"My dear," the good man answered, "God knoweth 'tis no easy matter to attain to the courage you speak of. I have myself seen the sweetest and the lovingest and the most brave creature which ever did breathe give marks of extraordinary sorrow when her father, that generous martyr of Christ, was to die."

"I pray you tell me," I answered, "what her behaviour was like in that trial; for to converse on such themes doth allay somewhat the torment of suspense, and I may learn lessons from her example, who, you say, joined to natural weakness so courageous a spirit in like straits."

Upon which he, willing to divert and yet not violently change the current of my thoughts, spake as followeth:

"On the day when Sir Thomas More came from Westminster to the Tower-ward, my wife, desirous to see her father, whom she thought she should never see in this world after, and also to have

his final blessing, gave attendance about the wharf where she knew he should pass before he could enter into the Tower. As soon as she saw him, after his blessing upon her knees reverently received, hastening towards him without care or consideration of herself, passing in amongst the throng and company of the guard, she ran to him and took him about the neck and kissed him; who, well liking her most natural and dear daughterly affection towards him, gave her his fatherly blessing and godly words of comfort besides; from whom, after she was departed, not satisfied with the former sight of him, and like one that had forgotten herself, being all ravished with the entire love of her father, suddenly turned back again, ran to him as before, took him about the neck, and divers times kissed him lovingly, till at last, with a full and heavy heart, she was fain to depart from him; the beholding whereof was to many that were present so lamentable, and mostly so to me, that for very sorrow we could not forbear to weep with her. The wife of John Harris, Sir Thomas's secretary, was moved to such a transport of grief, that she suddenly flew to his neck and kissed him, as he had reclined his head on his daughter's shoulder; and he, who in the midst of the greatest straits, had ever a merry manner of speaking, cried, 'This is kind, albeit rather unpolitely done.'

"And the day he suffered," I asked, "what was this good daughter's behaviour?"

"She went," quoth he, "to the different churches, and distributed abundant alms to the poor. When she had given all her money away, she withdrew to pray in a certain church, where she on a sudden did remember she had no linen in which to wrap up her father's body. She had heard that the remains of the Bishop of Rochester had been thrown into the ground, without priest, cross, lights, or shroud, for the dread of the King had prevented his relations from attempting to bury him. But Margaret resolved her father's body should not meet with such unchristian treatment. Her maid advised her to buy some linen in the next shop, albeit having given away all her money to the poor, there was no likelihood she should get credit from strangers. She ventured, howsoever, and having agreed about the price, she put her hand in her pocket, which she knew was empty, to show she forgot the money, and ask credit under that pretence. But to her surprise, she found in her purse the exact price of the linen, neither more or less; and so buried the martyr of Christ with honour, nor was there any one so inhuman found as to hinder her."

"Mr. Roper," I said, when he had ended this recital, "methinks this angelic lady's trial was most hard; but how much harder should

it yet have been if you, her husband, had been in a like peril at that time as her father?"

A half kind of melancholy, half smiling look came into the good old man's face as he answered:

"Her father was Sir Thomas More, and he so worthy of a daughter's passionate love, and the affection betwixt them so entire and absolute, compounded of filial love on her part, unmitigated reverence and unrestrained confidence, that there was left in her heart no great space for wifely doating. But to be moderately affectioned by such a woman, and to stand next in her esteem to her incomparable father, was of greater honour and worth to her unworthy husband, than should have been the undivided, yea idolatrous, love of one not so perfect as herself."

After a pause, during which his thoughts, I ween, reverted to the past, and mine investigated mine own soul, I said to Mr. Roper:

"Think you, sir, that love to be idolatrous which is indeed so absolute, that it should be no difficulty to die for him who doth inspire it; which would prefer a prison in his company, howsoever dark and loathsome (yea consider it a very Paradise), to the beautifullest palace in the world, which without him would seem nothing but a vile dungeon; which should with a good-will suffer all the torments in the world for to see the object of its affection enjoy good men's esteem on earth, and a noble place in heaven; but which should be, nevertheless, founded and so wholly built-up on a high estimate of his virtues; on the quality he holdeth of God's servant; on the likeness of Christ stamped on his soul, and each day exemplified in his manner of living, that albeit to lose his love or his company in this world should be like the uprooting of all happiness and turning the brightness of noonday to the darkness of the night, it should a thousand times rather endure this mishap than that the least shade or approach of a stain should alter the unsullied opinion till then held of his perfections?"

Mr. Roper smiled, and said that was a too weighty question to answer at once; for he should be loath to condemn or yet altogether to absolve from some degree of overweeningness such an affection as I described, which did seem indeed to savour somewhat of excess; but yet if noble in its uses and held in subjection to the higher claims of the Creator, whose perfections the creature doth at best only imperfectly mirror, it might be commendable and a means of attaining ourselves to the like virtues we doated on in another.

As he did utter these words, a servant came into the parlour, and whispered in mine ear:

"Master Basil Rookwood is outside the door, and craves—"

I suffered him not to finish his speech, but bounded into the hall, where Basil was indeed standing, with a traveller's cloak on him, and a slouched hat over his face. After such a greeting as may be conceived (alas, all greetings then did seem to combine strange admixtures of joy and pain!), I led him into the parlour, where Mr. Roper in his turn received him with fatherly words of kindness mixed with amazement at his return.

"And whence," he exclaimed, "so sudden a coming, my good Basil? Verily, you do appear to have descended from the skies!"

Basil looked at me, and replied: "I heard in Paris, Mr. Roper, that a gentleman in whom I do take a very lively interest, one Mr. Tunstall, was in prison at London; and I bethought me I could be of some service to him by coming over at this time."

"O Basil," I cried, "do you then know he is my father?"

"Yea," he joyfully answered, "and I am right glad you do know it also, for then there is no occasion for any feigning, which, albeit I deny it not to be sometimes useful and necessary, doth so ill agree with my bluntness, that it keepeth me in constant fear of stumbling in my speech. I was in a manner forced to come over secretly; because if Sir Henry Stafford, who willeth me to remain abroad till I have got out of my wardship, should hear of my being in London, and gain scent of the object of my coming, he should have dealt in all sorts of ways to send me out of it. But, pri'thee, dearest love, is Mrs. Ward in this house?"

"Alas!" I said, "she is gone hence. Her mind is set on a very dangerous enterprise."

"I know it," he saith (at which word my heart began to sink); "but, verily, I see not much danger to be in it; and methinks if we do succeed in carrying off your good father and that other priest to-night in the ingenious manner she hath devised, it will be the best night's work done by good heads, good arms, and good oars, which can be thought of."

"Oh, then," I exclaimed, "it is even as I feared, and you, Basil, have engaged in this rash enterprise. O woe the day you came to London, and met with that boatman!"

"Constance," he said reproachfully, "should it be a woful day to thee the one on which, even at some great risk, which I deny doth exist in this instance, I should aid in thy father's rescue?"

"Oh, but, my dear Basil," I cried, "he doth altogether refuse to stir in this matter. I have had speech with him to-day, and he will by no means attempt to escape again from prison. He hath done it once for the sake of a soul in jeopardy; but only to save his life, he is resolved not to involve others in peril of theirs. And oh, how

confirmed he would be in his purpose if he knew who it was who doth throw himself into so great a risk! I' faith, I cannot and will not suffer it!" I exclaimed impetuously, for the sudden joy of his presence, the sight of his beloved countenance, lighted up with an inexpressible look of love and kindness, more beautiful than my poor words can describe, worked in me a rebellion against the thought of more suffering, further parting, greater fears than I had hitherto sustained.

He said, "He could wish my father had been otherwise disposed, for to have aided in his escape should have been to him the greatest joy he could think of; but that having promised likewise to assist in Mr. Watson's flight, he would never fail to do so, if he was to die for it."

"Tis very easy," I cried, "to speak of dying, Basil, nor do I doubt that to one of your courage and faith the doing of it should have nothing very terrible in it. But I pray you remember that that life, which you make so little account of, is not now yours alone to dispose of as you list. Mine, dear Basil, is wrapped up with it; for if I lose you, I care not to live, or what becomes of me, any more."

Mr. Roper said he should think on it well before he made this venture; for, as I had truly urged, I had a right over him now, and he should not dispose of himself as one wholly free might do.

"Dear sir," quoth he in answer, "my sweet Constance and you also might perhaps have prevailed with me some hours ago to forego this intention, before I had given a promise to Mr. Hodgson's boatman, and through him to Mistress Ward and Mr. Watson; I should then have been free to refuse my assistance if I had listed; and albeit methinks in so doing I should have played a pitiful part, none could justly have condemned me. But I am assured neither her great heart nor your honourable spirit would desire me so much as to place in doubt the fulfilment of a promise wherein the safety of a man, and he one of God's priests, is concerned. I pray thee, sweetheart, say thou wouldst not have me do it."

Alas! this was the second time that day my poor heart had been called upon to raise itself higher than nature can afford to reach. But the present struggle was harder than the first. My father had long been to me as a distant angel, severed from my daily life and any future hope in this world. His was an expectant martyrdom, an exile from his true home, a daily dying on earth, tending but to one desired end. Nature could be more easily reconciled in the one case than in the other to thoughts of parting. Basil was my all, my second self, my sole treasure,—the prop on which rested youth's hopes, earth's joys, life's sole comfort; and chance (as it seemed, and men would

have called it), not a determined seeking, had thrust on him this danger, and I must needs see him plunged into it, and not so much as say a word to stay him or prevent it. . . . I was striving to constrain my lips to utter the words my rebelling heart disavowed, and he kneeling before me, with his dear eyes fixed on mine, awaiting my consent, when a loud noise of laughter in the hall caused us both to start up, and then the door was thrown open, and Kate and Polly ran into the room so gaily attired, the one in a yellow and the other in a crimson gown bedecked with lace and jewels, that nothing finer could be seen.

"Lackaday!" Polly cried, when she perceived Basil; "who have we here? I scarce can credit mine eyes! Why, Sir Lover, methought you were in France. By what magic come you here?—Mr. Roper, your humble servant.—'Tis like you did not expect so much good company to-night, Con, for you have but one poor candle or two, to light up this dingy room, and I fear there will not be light enough for these gentlemen to see our fine dresses, which we do wear for the first time at Mrs. Yates's house this evening."

"I thought you were both in the country," I said, striving to disguise how much their coming did discompose me.

"Methinks," answered Polly, laughing, "your wish was father to that thought, Con, and that you desired to have the company of this fine gentleman to yourself alone, and Mr. Roper's also, and no one else for to disturb you. But, in good sooth, we were both at Mr. Benham's seat in Berkshire when we heard of this good entertainment at so great a friend's house, and so prevailed on our lords and governors for to hire a coach and bring us to London for one night. We lie at Kate's house, and she and I have supped on a cold capon and a veal pie we brought with us, and Sir Ralph and Mr. Lacy do sup at a tavern in the Strand, and shall fetch us here when it shall be convenient to them, to carry us to this grand ball, which I would not have missed, no, not for all the world. So I pray you, let us be merry till they do come, and pass the time pleasantly."

"Ay," said Kate, in a lamentable voice, "you would force me to dress and go abroad, when I would sooner be at home; for John's stomach is disordered, and baby doth cut her teeth, and he pulled at my ribbons and said I should not leave him; and beshrew me if I would have done so, but for your overpersuading me. But you are always so absolute! I wonder you love not more to stay at home, Polly."

Basil smiled with a better heart than I could do, and said he would promise her John should sleep never the less well for her absence, and she should find baby's tooth through on the morrow; and

sitting down by her side, talked to her of her children with a kindness which never did forsake him. Mr. Roper set himself to converse with Polly; I ween for to shield me from the torrent of her words, which, as I sat between them, seemed to buzz in mine ear without any meaning; and yet I must needs have heard them, for to this day I remember what they talked of;—that Polly said, “Have you seen the ingenious poesy which the Queen’s saucy godson, the merry wit Harrington, left behind her cushion on Wednesday, and now ’tis in every one’s hands?”

“Not in mine,” quoth Mr. Roper; “so, if your memory doth serve you, Lady Ingoldsby, will you rehearse it?” which she did as follows; and albeit I only did hear those lines that once, they still remain in my mind:

“For ever dear, for ever dreaded prince,
You read a verse of mine a little since,
And so pronounced each word and every letter,
Your gracious reading grac’d my verse the better:
Sith then your highness doth by gift exceeding
Make what you read the better for your reading,
Let my poor Muse your pains thus far importune,
Like as you read my verse—so read my fortune!”

“’Tis an artful and witty petition,” Mr. Roper observed; “but I have been told her Majesty mislikes the poet’s satirical writings, and chiefly the metamorphosis of Ajax.”

“She signified,” Polly answered, “some outward displeasure at it, but Robert Markham affirms she likes well the marrow of the book, and is minded to take the author to her favour, but sweareth she believes he will make epigrams on her and all her court. However, I do allow she conceived much disquiet on being told he had aimed a shaft at Leicester. By the way, but you, cousin Constance, should best know the truth thereon” (this she said turning to me); “’tis said that Lord Arundel is exceeding sick again, and like to die very soon. Indeed, his physicians are of opinion, so report speaketh, that he will not last many days now, for as often as he hath rallied before.”

“Yesterday,” I said, “when I saw Lady Surrey, he was no worse than usual.”

“Oh, have you heard,” Polly cried, running from one theme to another, as was her wont, “that Leicester is about to marry Lettice Knollys, my Lady Essex?”

“’Tis impossible,” Basil exclaimed, who was now listening to her speeches, for Kate had finished her discourse touching her Johnny’s disease in his stomach. The cause thereof, she said, both herself

thought, and all in Mr. Benham's house did judge to have been, the taking in the morning a confection of barley sodden with water and sugar, and made exceeding thick with bread. This breakfast lost him both his dinner and supper, and surely the better half of his sleep; but God be thanked, she hoped now the worst was past, and that the dear urchin would shortly be as merry and well-disposed as afore he left London. Basil said he hoped so too; and in a pause which ensued, he heard Polly speak of Lord Leicester's intended marriage, which seemed to move him to some sort of indignation, the cause of which I only learnt many years later; for that when Lady Douglas Howard's cause came before the Star-Chamber, in his present Majesty's reign, he told me he had been privy, through information received in France, of her secret marriage with that lord.

"'Tis *not* impossible," Polly retorted, "by the same token that the new favourite young Robert Devereux maketh no concealment of it, and calleth my Lord Leicester his father elect. But I pray you, what is impossible in these days? Oh, I think they are the most whimsical entertaining days which the world hath ever known; and the merriest, if people have a will to make them so."

"Oh, Polly," I cried, unable to restrain myself; "I pray God you may never find cause to change your mind thereon."

"Yea, amen to that prayer," quoth she; "I'll promise you, my grave little coz, that I have no mind to be sad till I grow old—and there be yet some years to come before that shall befall me. When Mistress Helen Ingoldsby shall reach to the height of my shoulder, then methinks I may begin to take heed unto my ways. What think you the little wench said to me yesterday? 'What times is it we do conform to, mother? dinner-times or bed-times?'" "She should have been answered, 'The devil's times,'" Basil muttered; and Katy told Polly she should be ashamed to speak in her father's house of the conformity she practised when others were suffering for their religion. And methought, albeit I had scarcely endured the jesting which had preceded it, I could less bear any talk of religion, leastways of that kind, just then. But, in sooth, the constraint I suffered almost overpassed my strength. There appeared no hope of their going, and they fell into an eager discourse concerning the bear-baiting they had been to see in Berkshire, and a great sort of ban-dogs, which had been tied in an outer court, let loose on thirteen bears that were baited in the inner; and my dear Basil, who doth delight in all kinds of sports, listened eagerly to the description they gave of this diversion. Oh, how I counted the minutes! what a pressure weighted my heart! how the

sound of their voices pained mine ears ! how long an hour seemed ! and yet too short for my desires, for I feared the time must soon come when Basil should go, and lamented that these unthinking women's tarrying should rob me of all possibility to talk with him alone. Howsoever, when Mr. Roper rose to depart, I followed him into the hall and waited near the door for Basil, who was bidding farewell to Kate and Polly. I heard him beseech them to do him so much favour as not to mention they had seen him ; for that he had not informed Sir Henry Stafford of his coming over from France, which if he heard of it otherwise than from himself, it should peradventure offend him. They laughed, and promised to be as silent as graves thereon ; and Polly said he had learnt French fashions she perceived, and taken lessons in wooing from mounseer ; but she hoped his stealthy visit should in the end prove more conformable to his desires than mounseer's had done. At last they let him go ; and Mr. Roper, who had waited for him, wrung his hand, and the manner of his doing it made my eyes overflow. I turned my face away, but Basil caught both my hands in his and said, "Be of good cheer, sweetheart. I have not words wherewith to express how much I love thee, but God knoweth it is very dearly."

"O Basil ! mine own dear Basil," I murmured, laying my forehead on his coat-sleeve, and could not then utter another word. Ere I lifted it again, the hall-door opened, and who, I pray you, should I then see (with more affright, I confess, than was reasonable), but Hubert ? My voice shook as I said to Basil, whose back was turned from the door, "Here is your brother."

"Ah, Hubert !" he exclaimed ; "I be glad to see thee ;" and held out his hand to him with a frank smile, which the other took, but in the doing of it a deadly paleness spread over his face.

"I have no leisure to tarry so much as one minute," Basil said ; "but this sweet lady will tell thee what weighty reasons I have for presently remaining concealed ; and so farewell, my dear love, and farewell, my good brother. Be, I pray you, my bedeswoman this night, Constance ; and you too, Hubert,—if you do yet say your prayers like a good Christian, which I pray God you do,—mind you say an Ave for me before you sleep."

When the door closed on him I sunk down on a chair, and hid my face with my hands.

"You have not told him anything ?" Hubert whispered ; and I, "God help you, Hubert ! he hath come to London for this very matter, and hath already, I fear, albeit not in any way that shall advantage my father, yet in seeking to assist him, run himself into danger of death, or leastways banishment."

As I said this mine eyes raised themselves towards him; and I would they had not, for I saw in his visage an expression I have tried these many years to forget, but which sometimes even now comes back to me painfully.

"I told you so," he answered. "He hath an invariable aptness to miss his aim, and to hurt himself by the shafts he looseth. What plan hath he now formed, and what shall come of it?"

But, somewhat recovered from my surprise, I bethought myself it should not be prudent, albeit I grieved to think so, to let him know what sort of enterprise it was Basil had in hand; so I did evade his question, which indeed he did not show himself very careful to have answered. He said he was yet dealing with Sir Francis Walsingham, and had hopes of success touching my father's liberation, and so prayed me not to yield to despondency; but it would take time to bring matters to a successful issue, and patience was greatly needed, and likewise prudence, towards that end. He requested me very urgently to take no other steps for the present in his behalf, which might ruin all; and above all things not to suffer Basil to come forward in it, for that he had made himself obnoxious to Sir Francis by speeches which he had used, and which some one had reported to him, touching Lady Ridley's compliance with his (Sir Francis's) request that she should have a minister in her house for to read Protestant prayers to her household, albeit herself, being bed-ridden, did not attend; and if he should now stir in this matter, all hope would be at an end. So he left me, and I returned to the parlour, and Kate and Polly declared my behaviour to them not to be over and above civil; but they supposed when folks were in love, they had a warrant to treat their friends as they pleased. Then finding me very dull and heavy, I ween, they bethought themselves at the last of going to visit their mother in her bed, and paying their respects to their father, whom they found asleep in his chair, his prayer-book, with which he was engaged most of the day, lying open by his side. Polly kissed his forehead, and then the picture of our Blessed Lady in the first page of this much-used volume; which sudden acts of hers comforted me not a little.

Muriel came out of her mother's chamber to greet them, but would not suffer them to see her at this unexpected time, for that the least change in her customable habits disordered her; and then whispered to me that she had often asked for Mistress Ward, and complained of her absence.

At the last Sir Ralph came, but not Mr. Lacy, who he said was tired with his long ride, and had gone home to bed. Thereupon Kate began to weep; for she said she would not go without him to

this fine ball, for it was an unbecoming thing for a woman to be seen abroad when her husband was at home, and a thing she had not yet done, nor did intend to do. But that it was a very hard thing she should have been at the pains to dress herself so handsomely, and not so much as one person to see her in this fine suit; and she wished she had not been so foolish as to be persuaded to it, and that Polly was very much to blame therein. At the which, "T' faith, I think so too," Polly exclaimed; "and I wish you had stayed in the country, my dear."

Kate's pitiful visage and whineful complaint moved me, in my then apprehensive humour, to an unmerry but not to be resisted fit of laughter, which she did very much resent; but I must have laughed or died, and yet it made me angry to hear her utter such lamentations who had no true cause for displeasure.

When they were gone,—she, still shedding tears, in a chair Sir Ralph sent for to convey her to Gray's Inn Lane, and he and Polly in their coach to Mrs. Yates's,—the relief I had from their absence proved so great that at first it did seem to ease my heart. I went slowly up to mine own chamber, and stood there a while at the casement looking at the quiet sky above and the unquiet city beneath it, and chiefly in the distant direction where I knew the prison to be, picturing to myself my father in his bare cell, Mistress Ward regaining her obscure lodging, Mr. Watson's dangerous descent, and mostly the boat which Basil was to row,—that boat freighted with so perilous a burthen. These scenes seemed to rise before mine eyes as I remained motionless,—straining their sight to pierce the darkness of the night and of the fog which hung over the town. When the clock struck twelve, a shiver ran through me, for I thought of the like striking at Lynn Court, and what had followed. Upon which I betook myself to my prayers, and thinking on Basil, said, "Speak for him, O Blessed Virgin Mary! Entreat for him, O ye Apostles! Make intercession for him, all ye Martyrs! Pray for him, all ye Confessors and all ye company of Heaven, that my prayers for him may take effect before our Lord Jesus Christ!" Then my head waxed heavy with sleep, and I sunk on the cushion of my kneeling-stool. I wot not for how many hours I slumbered in this wise; but I know I had some terrible dreams.

When I awoke it was daylight. A loud knocking at the door of the house had aroused me. Before I had well bethought me where I was, Muriel's white face appeared at my door. The pursuivants, she said, were come to seek for Mistress Ward.

Catholic Philosophy in the Thirteenth Century.

THE errors of the present day are generally the consequences of some false principle admitted long ago, and many may be traced clearly to the calamities of the sixteenth century. One of these is, that the mediæval learning preserved (as was declared at the Council of Trent) chiefly among the monks, was in its nature useless and trifling, fitted only to amuse ignorant and narrow-minded men in the darkness of the Middle Ages, and consisted in certain metaphysical speculations, and logical quibbles, called scholastic teaching. Several French writers have done much to disabuse men of this prejudice, by making known the amount of knowledge and science attained by mediæval scholars, whose works are despised because they are too scarce to be read, and perhaps too deep to be understood in a less studious age. One of these champions of the truth is Ozanam, who has traced with a master-hand the preservation of all that was valuable in antiquity, through the downfall of the empire; and he has rendered a subject which otherwise it would have been presumption to approach, a plain matter of history which the reader has only to receive, like other facts; so that we see how, under the safeguard of the Church, the same powers which were formerly used in vain by the philosophers for the discovery of truth, were successfully used for the attainment of its deeper mysteries. But all that is human is marked by imperfection; and the very instinct which led philosophers to "feel after" their Creator, and seek that supreme good for which we were created, was misled by errors which all ultimately ended in infidelity. It is not necessary to dwell on these. A few words will remind the classical scholar that the Ionian school, which sought truth by experiment, through the perception of the senses, leads to fatalism and pantheism; while Pythagoras, who sought by reason and the sciences Him who is above and beyond their sphere, left the disappointed reason in a state of doubt and indifference, or else despair. Plato alone pursued a course of safety. Taking the existence of God as a truth derived perhaps from patriarchal teaching, he used the Socratic method of induction only for the destruction of falsehood, and received with fearless candour all that the poets taught of superhuman goodness and

beauty; for though the symbolism of the poets degenerated into disgusting idolatry, they have been called the truest of heathen teachers. It is well known how Aristotle strengthened the reasoning power; but the mighty power had no object on which to put forth its strength, and the more noble minds rejected at once both reasoning and experiment, and sought for religion in the mysticism of Alexandria. Such was the wreck and waste of all that man could do without revelation, and so sickening was the disappointment, that St. Augustin would fain have closed the Christian schools to Virgil and Cicero, which he loved once too well; but St. Gregory, brought up as he was a Roman and a Christian, had nothing to repent of or to destroy, and classic letters were preserved by Christians.

Ozanam found pleasure in believing that Christianity, while as yet concealed in the Catacombs, was "in all senses undermining ancient Rome," and that it had an ameliorating effect on the Stoic, which was then the best sect of the philosophers; so that Seneca, instead of following the lantern of Zeno, who confused the natures of God and man, learnt from St. Paul not only to distinguish them, but also the relation in which man regards his Creator and Father, whom he serves with free-will and love, by subduing his body to the command of his soul. But the pride of philosophy may be modified without being subdued. The principle of heathenism is "the antagonist of Christianity: one is from man, and for man; the other from God, and for God." It was the object of St. Paul and of the first Fathers of the Church to liberate the intellect as well as the affections from perversion, and to teach how the treasures of antiquity might be used by Christians for religion, as the spoils of Egypt and the luxurious perfumes of the Magdalen. And after the fierce battle of Christianity with Paganism was over, the triumph of the Church was completed under Constantine by the Christianisation of literature; that is, by using in the service of truth all those powers which had been wasted in the ineffectual efforts for its discovery. "A mixed mass of ancient learning was saved from the wreck of the Roman world; and as Pope Boniface preserved the splendid temple of the Pantheon, and dedicated it to the worship of God glorified in His Saints, so the Doctors of the Church employed the logic and eloquence of the philosophers without adopting their theories. This was not always easy, and some, like Origen and Tertullian, fell into error; for the distinctive character of Christian teaching is to be dogmatic, not argumentative, submitting the conclusions of reason to the decisions of inspired authority, and the province of reason has bounds which it cannot pass."

Gradually a Christian literature arose. Not only in the still classical Roman schools, but in those of Constantinople, Asia, and Africa, pagan writings were used as subservient to the training of Christian authors, and the fourth century was the golden age of intellect as well as sanctity. The Fathers employed their classical training in the study of the Holy Scriptures; but, according to the true principle of sacred study, they sought from Almighty God Himself the grace which alone can direct the use of the intellectual powers. "From the three senses of Holy Scripture" (says St. Bonaventure, in a passage quoted by Ozanam out of his *Redactio Artium ad Theologiam*) "descended three schools of Scriptural teaching. The *allegorical*, which declares matters of faith, in which St. Augustin was a doctor, and in which he was followed by St. Anselm and others, who taught by discussion. The *moral*, on which St. Gregory founded his preaching, and taught men the rule of life, in which he was followed by St. Bernard, who belongs also to the mystical school, and by a host of preachers. While from the third or *analogical* sense, St. Dionysius taught by contemplation the manner in which man may unite himself to God." Ozanam names a chain of authors as belonging to this school. "Boethius, who on the eve of martyrdom wrote the consolations of that sorrow which is concealed under the illusions of the world; Isidore, Bede, Rabanus, Anselm, Bernard, Peter Damian; Peter the Lombard, who rejoiced 'to cast his sentences like the widow's mite into the treasury of the temple;' Hugo, and Richard of St. Victor, Peter the Spaniard, Albert, St. Bonaventure, and St. Thomas."

"Under the barbarian rule, all the intellectual, as well as the devout, took sanctuary in the cloister; so that when the Arian Lombards attacked the centre of Christendom, they were opposed only by the teaching and discipline of the Church as perfected by St. Gregory; and the power of these must have been supernatural, as the influence of letters was nearly lost in Rome. Then, in defence of the faith, St. Benedict marshalled a new band of devoted champions in the mountains of Subiaco, and he made it a part of their duty to preserve the treasures of learning, and to employ them in the service of religion; and these monks," says Ozanam, "who spent six hours in choir, transcribed in their cells the historians, and even the poets of Greece and Rome; and bequeathed to the Middle Ages the most valuable writings of antiquity."

It is agreed by all that Charlemagne was the founder of the Middle Ages; and he opened the schools in which theology was formed into a science, and gained the title of scholastics. Alcuin was the instrument by whom Charlemagne remodelled European

literature, with the authority of the Church and councils, tradition, and the Fathers. Of these the Greek were little known west of Constantinople; and the chief representative of the Latin Fathers was St. Augustin. There were a few later writers, as Boethius on the Consolation of Philosophy, and Cassiodorus who wrote *De Septem Disciplinis*.

"Every one knows," says Ozanam, "that when Europe was robbed of ancient literature by the invasion of barbarians, the remains of science, saved by pious hands, were divided into seven arts, and enclosed in the Trivium and Quadrivium." These arts were grammar, rhetoric, logic, and mathematics, which last comprehended arithmetic and geometry, music and astronomy. "The establishment of public schools in cent. ix.," says Ozanam, "assisted the progress of reasoning, till it became in itself an art capable of being employed indifferently to prove either side of an argument. The science of words was no longer that of grammar, but became dialectics; and words were used lightly as a mere play of the intellect, or as a mechanical process to analyse truth." But it can never be lawful for a Christian to discuss what has been revealed, as though it were possible that those who reject it may be right; nor to consider truth as an open question, which is still to be decided, and may be sought by those rules of reasoning which had been laid down by Aristotle for the discovery of what was as yet unknown. It was for this reason that, as Ozanam says, Tertullian called Aristotle the patriarch of heretics; yet his rules of reasoning were right, and the error lay in using them amiss. Thus the Manichæans reasoned when they should have believed, and the Paulicians subjected the Holy Scriptures to their own interpretation, and rejected all that was above their comprehension; and thus in aftertimes did the Albigenses, and then the Protestants of the sixteenth, and the Liberals of the nineteenth, century.

It was in 891 that Paschasius wrote, for the instruction of his convent, a treatise on the Holy Eucharist, in which he proved by reasoning that doctrine which "the whole world believes and confesses;" but he was contradicted by Ratram, who first put forth the heresy that the Real Presence is only figurative, and then the Church pronounced the dogma of Transubstantiation. From that time theologians were obliged to confute the intellectual heresies of philosophers by fighting, as on common ground, with the weapons of argument which were used by both, in order to defend the doctrines which had been hitherto declared simply and by authority as by our Lord Himself. "Now," says Ozanam, "mysteries were subjected to definitions, and Revelation was divided into syllogisms. And as the love of argument increased, the disputants took up the

questions which had been discussed among heathen philosophers as to the abstract existences which are called universal forms or ideas; types of created things eternally existing in the mind of God, according to the teaching of St. Bonaventure. And when these were discovered by metaphysics, logic was exercised upon them; and a dispute arose as to whether Truth exists independently of the perceptions of man. The Platonists asserted that it does, and this belief, which they called Idealism, was held by the divines, and was called Realism, while those who denied that it exists independently of man were said to be Nominalists. In modern days the dispute of Realism and Nominalism is laughed at as an idle war of words; but the war is, in truth, on principles, and still divides the orthodox and unbeliever, and the names of Realism and Nominalism are only changed for Objective and Subjective Truth.

A painful experience had long prevailed that the spirit of controversy is destructive of devotion; and the more devout, weary of the wars of philosophers, rejected logic, and found in the mystic school that repose which had been sought even by heathens in a counterfeit mysticism, in which the evil powers deluded men by imitating divine inspirations. According to Ozanam, "Christian mysticism is Idealism in its most brilliant form, which seeks Truth in the higher regions of spontaneous inspiration;" and he goes on to explain, from the writings of St. Dionysius, that its nature is contemplative, ascetic, and symbolical. It is *contemplative*, as it brings man into the presence of the immense indivisible God, from whom all power, life, and wisdom descends upon man through the hierarchies of the angels and through the Church, and whose divine influences act in nine successive spheres through all the gradations between existence and nothing. It is *ascetic*, as it acts on the will through the link which connects the body with the mind, and regulates the passions through the inferior part of the soul. This "medicine of souls" was taught by the Fathers of the Desert, who were followed by all the mystic doctors; and it was on this reciprocal action of physics and morals that St. Bonaventure afterwards wrote the Compendium. It is *symbolic*, because it takes the creation as a symbol of spiritual things, and the external world as the shadow of what is invisible. The union of man with God is the object and fullness of the knowledge which regards both the divine and human nature, and levels all intellects in the immediate presence of God. This was imparted to Adam, and restored by Christ our Lord, who left it in the keeping of the Church. The first uninspired teacher of this mystic theology is thought to have been Dionysius the Areopagite, and the martyred Bishop of Athens, or, as some say, of

Paris. In the festival of his martyrdom it is declared "that he wrote books, which are admirable and heavenly, concerning the divine names, the heavenly and ecclesiastical hierarchy, and on mystical theology." Ozanam quotes a fragment from his writings, which teaches that the indivisibility of God is intangible by mathematical abstractions of quantity, and indefinable by logic, because definition is analysis; and it is incomparable, because there are no terms of comparison.

The teaching of St. Dionysius was not forgotten when the knowledge of Greek was lost in the West. He was succeeded in this religious and Christian philosophy by St. Anselm in the eleventh century. In his *Monologium*, *De Ratione Fidei*, he supposes an ignorant man to be seeking the truth with the sole force of his reason, and disputing in order to discover a truth hitherto unknown. "Every one, for the most part," he says, "if he has moderate understanding, may persuade himself, by reason alone, as to what we necessarily believe of God; and this he may do in many ways, each according to that best suited to himself:" and he goes on to say that his own mode consists in deducing all theological truths from one point—the Being of God. All the diversity of beautiful, great, and good things supposes an ideal One or Unity of beauty, and this Unity is God. Hence St. Anselm derives the attributes of God—the creation, the Holy Trinity, the relation of man to God, in a word, all theology. The *Proslogium*, or truth demonstrating itself, is a second work, in which St. Anselm proposes to demonstrate truth which has been already attained. "As in the first he had, at the request of some brothers, written *De Ratione Fidei* in the person who seeks by reasoning what he does not know, so he now seeks for some one of these many arguments which should require no proof but from itself. He was the first to use the famous argument, that from the sole idea of God is derived the demonstration of His existence. He thus begins the *Proslogium*: 'The fool hath said in his heart, There is no God. Wherefore the most foolish Atheist has in his mind the idea of the Sovereign Good, which Good cannot exist in thought only, because a yet greater good can still be conceived. This Sovereign Good therefore exists independently of the thought, and is God.'"

It is not worth while to follow out the errors which arose in the Middle Ages from Nominalism. In the eleventh century Roscelin carried it to the absurdity of saying that ideas are only words, and that nothing real exists except in particulars. And Philip of Champagne asserted the opposite extreme, and denied the existence of all but Universals; as that humanity alone exists, of which men are

mere parts or fragments. It was in the twelfth century that Abelard, who had been trained in both these systems, came forth in the pride of his vast intellect to reconcile them by a new theory. But his search after truth was by a mere intellectual machinery, to be employed by science in order to construct a general scheme of human knowledge; while it led to the rejection of that simple faith which believes without examination, and substituted the system of Rationalism, so fruitful to this day of error and unbelief.

It was while men were constructing this intellectual tower of Babel that Almighty God raised up as the champion of the truth the meek and holy St. Bernard. Like David he laid aside his weapons of reasoning, and left his cloister to overthrow the gigantic foe. In the cowl of St. Benedict, he declared that the truth, which men sought by human efforts, was to be received in faith as the gift of God, from whom all knowledge and light proceeds. And it was not the powers of his well-trained faculties, nor his classical and poetical studies, but his prayers, which gained the victory; so that, as by miracle, Abelard, the most eloquent disputant of his age, stood mute before the saint, who taught that faith is no opinion attained by reasoning, but a conviction beyond all proof that truth is revealed by God. This had been the teaching of St. Gregory, who said that faith which is founded on reason has no merit; and of St. Augustin, who said that faith is no opinion founded on reflection, but an interior conviction; and of the Apostle, who said that faith is the certainty of things unseen. It is consoling to read that the holy influence of St. Bernard did not only silence his adversary; the heart of Abelard was melted, he laid aside the studies in which he had so nearly lost his soul, and he made his submission to the Church, and sought the forgiveness of St. Bernard. Soon afterwards he died a penitent, sorrowing for his moral and intellectual offences. But evil does not end with the guilty; and his school has continued brilliant in intellect and taste, but presumptuous in applying them to the examination of truth. On the other hand, the two folio volumes of St. Bernard have been always a treasury of devotion, where the saints and pious of all succeeding ages have been trained. It is impossible for words to contain more thought; and he had the gift of penetrating thoughts contained in the inspired writings; as when he wrote twenty-four sermons on the three first verses of the Canticles. Ozanam says that St. Pierre perceived a fresh world of insects each day that he examined a single strawberry-leaf; and thus in the spiritual world the intellect of St. Bernard contemplated and beheld wonders with a sort of microscopic infinity, while his vast comprehension was analogous in its discoveries to the telescope.

Such were the gifts conferred by God on the humble abbot of Clairvaux.

There were in the time of St. Bernard other great teachers: Peter, the Venerable, St. Norbert, Godfrey, Richard, and Hugo, all monks of St. Victor. Ozanam says that he embraced the three great modes of teaching—that is, the allegorical, moral, and analogical; and preceded St. Bonaventure in a gigantic attempt to form an encyclopædia of human knowledge, based on the truth declared by St. James, that every good and perfect gift descends from the Father of Light, who is above.

With a vast amount of literary treasures the Crusaders had brought from the East, in the twelfth century, the Greek authors, with their Arab commentators. They brought the physics, metaphysics, and morals of Aristotle; and they brought also the Pantheism, which, says Ratisbon, the Saracens, like the early Stoics, had learnt from the Brahmins, who believe that men have two souls,—one inferior and led by instinct, the other united and identical with God. This fatal error was received by a daring school, to which Frederic of Sicily was suspected to belong. It was to confute this school that St. Bernard had taught in his sermons on the Canticles that union with God is not by confusion of natures, but conformity of will. The poison entered Europe from the West as well as the East; the Arabs in Spain mixed the delusions of Alexandria with the subtleties of Aristotle, and the result was such men as Averroes and Avicenna. Gerbert, afterwards Silvester II., had himself studied in Spain, and brought back into the European schools not only the philosophy of Aristotle, but the Jewish translations of Averroes. The unlearned monks of the West were naturally alarmed at the new works on physics, astronomy, and alchemy, and especially at the logic of Aristotle, and the terrible eruption of Pantheism. It was then that the Church exercised her paternal authority, and condemned the confusion of the limits between faith and opinion, and the degradation of the sciences to mere worldly purposes. Ozanam gives the Bull issued in 1254 by Innocent IV., in which he complains that the study of civil law was substituted for that of philosophy, and that theology itself was banished from the education of priests. "We desire to bring back men's minds to the teaching of theology, which is the science of salvation; or at least to the study of philosophy, which, though it does not possess the gentle pleasures of piety, yet has the first glimpses of that eternal truth which frees the mind from the hindrance of covetousness, which is idolatry."

The tendency of philosophical errors was now rendered apparent by their development, so that what was at first a vague opinion was

now a broad and well-defined system. Those who were firm in the teaching of the Church found it necessary to use every means for opposing such multiplied evils, and they boldly ventured on a Christian eclecticism, which should employ all the faculties and all the modes of using them in the service of religion; but it was not like the eclecticism of Alexandria, where the ideas of Plato were united with the forms of Aristotle, and adorned by the delusions of magic. The strength of Christian eclecticism lay in the pure unity of faith, defended by all the powers of man. "Both analysis and synthesis," says Ozanam, "are harmonised in true science: they are the two poles of the intellectual world, and have the same axis and horizon. The intersecting point of the two systems was the union of what is true in realism and nominalism with mystic teaching, and the Eclectic admitted the experience of the senses as well as the deductions of reason and the intuition of mysticism with the testimony of learning. Thus were united in the study of truth the four great powers of the soul,—reason, tradition, experience, and intuition." But it has been remarked that some of the masters who taught by experiment and tradition were persecuted as magicians, and some of those who used reason and intuition were canonised. Both, however, observed the ascetic life, of which the abstinence of Pythagoras and the endurance of the Stoics were imitations, and all practised the virtues most opposite to heathen morality, namely, humility and charity. The first attempt at uniting the different opinions of the learned was made by Peter Lombard, who collected the sentences of the Fathers into a work, which gained him the title of Master of the Sentences, and which was afterwards perfected in the *Summa* of St. Thomas. Albert the Great left the palace of his ancestors for the Dominican cloister. He studied at Cologne, and was unequalled in learning and psychology. While he reasoned on ideas, he made experiments on matter; nay, he used alchemy, to discover unknown powers and supernatural agents. It is said that his twenty-one folio volumes have never been sufficiently studied by any one to pronounce on their merits. His work on the Universe was written against Pantheism, and declares the presence of God in every part of creation, without being confused with it. That Divine Presence is the source of all power. "He was," says Ozanam (p. 33), "an Atlas, who carried on his shoulders the whole world of science, and did not bend beneath its weight." He was familiar with the languages of the ancients and of the East, and had imbibed gigantic strength at these fountains of tradition. He believed in the title of Magician, which his disciples gave him; and he is remembered by posterity rather as a mythological being than as a man.

The contemporary of Albert, says Ozanam, was Alexander Hales, who wrote the *Summa of Universal Theology*. William of Auvergne was a Dominican, and preceptor of St. Louis; he wrote *Specimen Doctrinale, Naturale, Historiale*; a division of the sciences and their end, containing—1. theology, physics, and mathematics; 2. practice, monastic, economic, and politic; 3. mechanics and arts; 4. logic and words. Duns Scotus, a Franciscan, was more accurate in learning than Albert himself; sound, though no discoverer in physics, and deep in mathematics. He commented on Aristotle and Peter Lombard. From his strength, sagacity, and precision, he was named the Doctor Subtilis. He wrote on free will, and says that its perfection is conformity to the will of God; and derives the moral law from the will of God, according to St. Paul, "sin is the transgression of the law." When St. Thomas taught that the moral law is necessarily good because God is good, and this question divided the learned into the schools of Scotists and Thomists, Roger Bacon, an English Franciscan, was the pupil of Scotus; but he was eclectic, and admitted both exterior and interior experience, and the deductions of reason, into the intercourse of the soul with God. Though he condemned magic as an imposture, he wrote on alchemy, and with the simplicity of enthusiasm he hoped to find the philosopher's stone, and to read the fall of empires in the stars. He believed in the powers of human science, and he hints at the possibility of a vessel moving without sails or oars; and imagined a balloon, a diving-bell, a suspension-bridge, and other miracles of art, especially a telescope and a multiplying-glass. Speaking of Greek fire and unquenchable lamps, he says that art as well as nature has its thunders, and describes the effect of gunpowder, the attraction of the loadstone, and the sympathies between minerals, plants, and animals; and says, "When I see the prodigies of nature, nothing startles my faith either in the works of man or in the miracles of God;" concluding, that Aristotle may not have penetrated the deepest secrets of nature, and that the sages of his own time will be surpassed by the novices of future days. He had the same clear and sound views of supernatural things, and wrote on the secret works of art and nature, and the falsehood of magic. "Man cannot influence the spiritual world except by the lawful use of prayer addressed to God and the angels, who govern not only the world of spirits, but the destinies of man." Though called the Doctor Mirabilis, he was suspected of magic, and died neglected in a prison, where he had no light to finish his last works. His manuscripts were burned at the Reformation, in a convent of his Order, by men "who professed," says Ozanam, "to restore the torch of reason, which had been extinguished by the monks of the Middle Ages."

Raymond Lull, the Doctor Illuminatus, was a Franciscan, the great inventor of arts; but he was a philosophical adventurer, whose cast of mind was Spanish, Arabian, African, and Eastern. His youth was licentious, his life turbulent, and his imagination restless; but he died as a saint and a martyr on his return from liberating the Christian slaves in Spain.

The glory of the Franciscan order is the Seraphical Doctor, St. Bonaventure. He was educated under Hales, the Irrefragable Doctor. His genius was keen and his judgment just, and he was a master of scholastic theology and philosophy. But when he studied, it was at the foot of a crucifix, with eyes drowned in tears from incessant meditation on the Passion of Christ. His life was dedicated to the glory of God and his own sanctification; yet he spent much time in actual prayer, because he knew from mystic theology that knowledge and obedience are the gifts of God; and devoted himself to mortifications, because they alone prepare the soul for the reception of divine grace and intuition. Yet though he obtained the gift of ecstasy and the grace of crucifying the human nature, yet he placed Christian perfection not in heroic acts of virtue, but in performing ordinary actions well. Ozanam quotes his words: "A constant fidelity in small things is a great and heroic virtue; it is a continued crucifixion of self-love, a complete sacrifice of self, an entire submission to grace." And his own pale and worn countenance shone with a happiness and peace which exemplified his maxim that spiritual joy is a sign that grace is present in the soul. Though his desire for sacramental communion was intense, yet we are told his great humility once kept him at a distance from the altar, till an angel bore to him the consecrated Host; and the raptures with which he always received his God are expressed, though doubtless imperfectly, in the burning words *Transfige Domine*, &c., which he was wont to utter after he had himself offered the Holy Sacrifice. His devotional works, written for St. Louis and others in his court, fill the heart with their unction, and rank him as the great master of spiritual life. It was during the intervals of ecstasies that he wrote; and while he was occupied on the life of St. Francis, St. Thomas beheld him in his cell raised above the earth, and the future saint exclaimed: "Leave a saint to write the life of a saint."

It is with profound reverence that we must inquire what was the intellectual teaching of so holy a man; and it is, indeed, so vast and yet so deep, that it exhausts all the human powers in contemplating the nature of God and the end of man, which is his union to God. Ozanam gives a passage from his work on the *Reduction of Arts to Philosophy*, in which he says that philosophy is the medium

by which the theologian forms for himself a mirror (*speculum*, from created things, which serve him as steps by which he may ascend to heaven. He begins by the revealed truth, that every good and perfect gift descends from the Father of Light, and teaches of its descent by these four ways—exterior, inferior, interior, and superior—through successive irradiations, namely, Holy Scripture, experimental mechanics, and philosophy, which succeed each other like the days of creation, all converging in the light of Holy Scripture, and all succeeded by that seventh day in which the soul will rest in the perfect knowledge of heaven.

1. Exterior light, or tradition, relates to the exterior forms of matter, and produces the mechanical arts, which were divided by Hugo into seven—weaving, work in wood and in stone, agriculture, hunting, navigation, theatricals, and medicine.

2. Inferior light, or that of the senses, awakens in the mind the perceptions of the five senses, as St. Augustin says, by that fine essence whose nature and whose seat baffles all our discoveries.

3. Interior light, or reason, teaches us by the processes of thought those intellectual truths which are fixed in the human mind by physics, logic, and ethics, through rational, natural, and moral action on the will, the conduct, and the speech, which are the triple functions of the understanding, and on the three faculties of the reason—apprehension, judgment, and action: this interior light acts on outward things by physics, mathematics, and metaphysics, and perceives God in all things by logic, by physics, and by ethics. And he goes on to consider truth as it is in the essence of words, things, and actions.

4. The superior light proceeds from grace and from the Holy Scriptures, and reveals the truths relating to salvation and sanctification. It is named from its raising us to the knowledge of things above us, and because it descends from God by way of inspiration and not by reflection. This light also is threefold. Holy Scripture contains, under the literal sense of the words, the allegorical, which declares what must be believed concerning God and man; the moral, which teaches us how to live; the analogical, which gives the laws by which man may unite himself to God. And the teaching of Holy Scripture contains three points—faith, virtue, and beatitude. The course by which knowledge must be sought is by, 1. tradition; 2. experiment; 3. reason; and 4. a descent as it were by the same road, so as to find the stamp of the Divinity on all which is conceived, or felt, or thought. All sciences are pervaded by mysteries; and it is by laying hold of the clue of the mystery that all the depths of each science are explored.

It was to Mount Alvernia, where his master, St. Francis, so lately received the stigmata, that St. Bonaventure retired to write the *Itinerarium Mentis ad Deum*, in which he treats on the Divine nature, and considers God as manifesting Himself in three modes, and man as receiving the knowledge of Him by the three functions of memory, understanding, and will.

Ozanam says: "To these triple functions of the mind God manifests Himself in three ways: 1. by the traces of His creation in the world: 2. by His image in human nature: 3. by the light which He sheds on the superior region of the soul. Those who contemplate Him in the first are in the vestibule of the Tabernacle; those who rise to the second are in the Holy Place; those who reach the third are within the Holy of Holies, where the two cherubim figured the unity of the Divine essence and the plurality of Divine persons." He likens the invisible existence of God to the light, which, though unseen, enables the eye to perceive colours; and proves from His existence His unity, eternity, and perfection; and from the eternal action of His goodness he deduces the doctrine of the Trinity.

The *Breviloquium* treats on the nature of man, who exists not of himself, nor by emanation from God, but was called into life out of nothing by the Creator, and lives by no mortal life borrowed from the outer world, but by its own and immortal life, intelligent and free. These attributes of God are communicated by Him to His creatures according to His own law, "that the superior shall be the medium of grace to the inferior." The happiness of the soul must be immortal and is in God, and she can exist separated from this body which she inhabits and moves. Ozanam says: "the *Compendium Theologicæ Veritatis* treats of the connection between physics and morals, and inquires how the body indicates the variations of the soul by that mysterious link on which the scientific speculate, but which the saint treats as a subject not for dogmatising but for contemplation, assisted by the mortification which alone brings the passions into subserviency. But the Seraphic Doctor left his teaching unfinished. Some of his spiritual works have been translated by the Abbé Berthamier; and the reader will find that what has been said gives an imperfect idea of the writings of this doctor of the Church, which fill six folio volumes, and have scarcely been mastered by a few, though they have warmed the devotion of many; and one short treatise, called the *Soliloquy*, is of such a nature as to include the whole science of devotion. It represents the soul contemplating God, not in His creatures, but within itself, and asking what is her own position in His presence: created by Him, and sinning against Him; redeemed by Him, and yet sinning; full of

contrition, yet firm in the hope of glory. The teaching of St. Paul is continued by St. Augustin, St. Ambrose, and St. Bernard; and it seems as if no other book were needful. One passage, and one only, may show the treasures it contains. The soul is convinced of the vanity of created things, and asks how men are so blinded as to love them. Because the soul is created with so glorious and sensitive a nature, that it cannot live without love; and while the elect find nothing in created things which can satisfy their desire of happiness, and therefore rest in the contemplation of God, the deluded multitude neglect themselves for passing objects, and love their exile as if it were their home. But Ozanam does not leave his history of intellectual progress to treat of spiritual gifts.

St. Thomas was born nearly at the same time as St. Bonaventure, in the same wild valleys of the Apennines. They studied together at Paris; they lived and died and were canonised together.

It was said by Pallavicini, that "when, in the twelfth century, the Arabs made Cordova a second Athens, and Averroes used the philosophy of Aristotle as a weapon against the Faith, God raised up the intellect of St. Thomas, who, by deep study of Aristotle, found in his own principles a solution of the arguments used by infidels; and the Scholastics, following him, have so employed Aristotle to defend Christianity, that whosoever rebels against the Vatican rebels also against the Lycaum." St. Thomas had, however, to confute the errors of Aristotle, and of Abelard and others who had followed them, while he set forth the great truths of reason which he taught. It was in 1248 that he published a comment on the Ethics. He had himself, says Ozanam, the learning and the weight of Aristotle; his power of analysis and classification, and the same sobriety of language. He had also studied the *Timeus* of Plato, the doctrines of Albert, Alexander Hales, and John of Salisbury. He followed the school of St. Augustin, and drew from St. Gregory his rule of morals. His comments on the Sentences contain a methodical course of philosophy, as his *Summa* contains an abridgment of divinity. In an extract given by Ozanam, St. Thomas says, Faith considers beings in relation to God; Philosophy, as they are in themselves. Philosophy studies second causes; Faith the First Cause alone. In Philosophy the notion of God is sought from the knowledge of creatures, so that the notion of God is second to that of His creatures; Faith teaches first the notion of God, and reveals in Him the universal order of which He is the centre, and so ends by the knowledge of creatures: and this is the most perfect method, because human understanding is thus assimilated to the Divine; which contemplating Itself contemplates

all things in Itself. Theology, therefore, only borrows from Philosophy illustrations of the dogmas she offers to our Faith.

It was in 1265 that, at the request of St. Raymond de Pennafort, St. Thomas wrote the *Summa Theologiæ* against the infidels in Spain; a book which has ever since been considered as a perfect body of theology and the manual of the Saints. "In the philosophy of St. Bonaventure," says Ozanam, "the leading guide was perhaps rather the Divine Love than the researches of intellect." St. Thomas combined all the faculties under the rule of a lofty meditation and a solemn reason, uniting the abstract perceptions beheld by the understanding with the images of external things received by the senses. "It was a vast encyclopædia of moral sciences, in which was said all that can be known of God, of man and his relations to God; in short, *Summa totius theologiæ*. This monument, harmonious though diverse, colossal in its dimensions, and magnificent in its plan, remained unfinished, like all the great political, literary, and architectural creations of the Middle Age, which seem only to be shown and not suffered to exist." And the Doctor Angelicus left the vast outline incomplete. That outline is to be appreciated only by the learned; the ignorant may guess its greatness by a catalogue, however meagre, of its contents. In the first part, or the natural, St. Thomas treats of the nature of God and of creatures; His essence, His attributes, and the mystery of the Holy Trinity; then, in relation to His creatures, as their Creator and Preserver. In the second, or moral, part he treats of general principles, of virtues and vices, of the movement of the reasonable creature towards God, of his chief end, and on the qualities of the actions by which he can attain it, of the theological and moral virtues. In the third, or theological, part he examines the means of attaining God, the Incarnation, and the Sacraments. In the *Summa*, says Ozanam, "the notions of things lead to the attributes of the Divinity, unity, goodness, and truth; thus, natural theology arrived at the unity as well as the attributes of God, while from His action is deduced His Personality and Trinity. Then follows the nature of good and bad angels, of souls in a separate state; and then the science of man considered as a compound being of soul and body, endowed with intellect for receiving impressions from the Divine Light above, and from its reflexion on things below. He is also endowed with desire, by which he is formed to seek goodness and happiness, but is free in will to choose vice or virtue; and the rejection of sin, and acquisition of virtue, in a life regulated by Divine and human law, is a shadow of life in heaven. Enough has been said to show how lofty was the teaching of the Saint; to whose invocation large indulgences are

attached, and who had the task of composing the Office used on the Festival of Corpus Domini. The great object of his adoration and contemplation was the mystery of the Real Presence; and his *Adoro Te devote* may be used as an act of worship at the holiest moment of the Sacrifice of the Altar. The ecstasy of his joy in communion is expressed in the *Gratias Tibi ago*; and he declared his faith in the mystery as he lay on the ashes where he died. And this pure faith is recorded by Raphael, who represents him in his picture of the 'Dispute on the Blessed Eucharist' among the Doctors of all ages before the miraculous Host."

Like all other saints, he sought detachment by mortification, and the love of God by prayer. His principle was, that prayer must precede study, because more is learnt from the crucifix than from books; and his last maxim was, that in order to avoid being separated from God by sin, a man must walk as in the sight of God and prepared for judgment. When he laid aside his religious studies to prepare for Eternity, he used the words of St. Augustin: "Then shall I truly live when I am full of Thee and Thy love; now am I a burden to myself, because I am not entirely full of Thee."

Mystic theology was now carried to perfection by Gersen, Abbot of the Benedictine monastery of Verceil from 1220 to 1240. Many attribute to him the authorship of the *Imitation of Christ*; there are, however, a number of others who do not agree with this opinion. The *Imitation* is generally ranked as coming very close after the inspired writings. What is said of the interior life is more or less intelligible to those who are endeavouring after perfection, but must be unintelligible to any who have not the faith: "*Una vox librorum*" (iii. 43), says the author; but the one voice does not teach all alike, for He who is within is the teacher of truth. The four books are in the hands of all. The contents of the first are on the conduct of men as to the exterior world, and the qualities necessary for the following of Christ—humility, detachment, charity, and obedience; then grace will be found, not in external things, but within, in a mind calm, obedient, and seeking not to adapt but to master circumstances. The second teaches him who turns from creatures that the kingdom of God is within, and that the government of this inner world is the science of perfection: "Give room to Christ, and refuse entrance to others; then will man be free amid the chaos, and creatures will be to Him only the *speculum vite*." Seek Christ in all, and you will find Him in all; seek self, and you will find it every where: one thing is above all, that leaving all you leave self. In the third book the soul listens to the internal voice of God, who makes known to her that He is her salvation; and she there-

fore prays for the one gift of divine love. It is impossible, perhaps not desirable, to repeat the devout aspirations of this divine love. May those who read the holy words receive their import through the light of grace! The fourth book relates to the union of the soul with her Lord through sacramental communion; and this can only be read in the hours of devotion.

If it is presumptuous to say even thus much of the great saints who lived in the thirteenth century, how is it possible to undervalue the progress they made in all the highest powers of the soul? or who can speak of the schools of the Middle Ages as deserving of contempt in days which cannot comprehend them?

Ozanam desires to show that Dante was trained in this exalted learning, and has embodied what he learnt in his *Divina Commedia*. He speaks of the full development attained by scholastic teaching in those great teachers, after whom no efforts were made to extend the limits of human knowledge; and he speaks of the perplexities which arose with the anti-papal schism. "It was to the calm and majestic philosophy of the thirteenth century," says Ozanam, "that Dante turned his eyes; and his great poem declared to an age, which understood him not, the contemplative, ascetic, and symbolical teaching of the mystic school, which he had studied in the *Compendium* of St. Bonaventure and the *Summa* of St. Thomas;" and he proves by an analysis of that wonderful poem, that it contains not only the great truths of revelation, but the spirit of the decaying mediæval philosophy:

"O voi che avete gli intelletti sani,
Mirate la dottrina che ascende
Sotto 'l velame dei versi strani."

E. H.

Middle-Class Lunatic Asylums.

Our attention has lately been especially drawn to the grievous existing deficiency of middle-class asylums for Catholics, and we propose to submit some considerations on this subject to our readers. If Catholics, male or female, so circumstanced as to be equally removed from indigence and affluence become insane, what can be done with them? Is there any establishment either in England or Ireland where they could be placed for a moderate sum with the certainty of being treated kindly and skilfully, and also of being protected and encouraged in the perfectly free exercise and performance of their religious duties so far as their condition admitted? To this inquiry there is but one reply, *There is no such establishment either public, or, so far as we know, private*; and under these circumstances there is no doubt that the Belgium asylums present an opportunity not to be despised, especially as in the matters of skill, humane treatment, and a low rate of charges, these hospitals have earned an honourable preëminence. Within the last few years there has been a steady and rapid preference exhibited by all classes for public over private asylums. In a former paper bearing on this subject* the statistics were quoted thus:

<i>Private Asylums.</i>		<i>Public Asylums.</i>	
	<i>Patients.</i>		<i>Patients.</i>
1849 . . .	6981	1849 . . .	7629
1864 . . .	4455	1864 . . .	23,830

And this preference will, it is very probable, increase. There was some time ago published on this subject in a well-known periodical a tale,† which was such a forcible, bold, and highly-spiced fiction, blended with indisputable and well-known facts, that it did undoubtedly operate very powerfully in that direction on the public mind. But coincident with this development of partiality for public asylums is the discovery of the great existing deficiency of accommodation as regards the middle and poorer classes. Let us take the case, say, of a Government clerk, a Dissenting minister, or a respectable retail trader or tenant farmer, with an income of 150*l.* or 200*l.* per annum, and a family of four or five sons and daughters. One of these becomes a lunatic; how to dispose of him is a pressing

* "Suicide considered with reference to the Insane," *Month*, Sept. 1864.

† *Hard Cash*, by Charles Reade.

difficulty, and one of a very serious kind. If he were a pauper, he would instantly be received into an excellent county or borough asylum, built expressly for the insane, with all the best and most recent improvements of sanitary reformers, with perfect ventilation, warmth, and cleanliness; he would have the most suitable nourishing and liberal diet, and be treated by approved and highly remunerated medical skill, all provided for him out of the public rates. But, alas, he is not a pauper; let us see then what other places are open to him. The father finds that in nearly all private and public asylums the charges vary from 75*l.* to 400*l.* per annum, according to the accommodation required; how is he possibly to compass this, or any thing like this, without injuring his other children and almost beggaring himself? Though private patients are nominally received into many of the county pauper lunatic asylums at a low rate per annum, *i.e.* from 30*l.* and upwards per annum; yet practically the system does not exist to any extent. It must be remembered that these are expressly for the reception of paupers, and are in most cases already inconveniently crowded with their legitimate occupants. There is indeed a clause in the Lunacy Act which permits private patients to be received there so long, and no longer, as there is a surplus of room; but it appears that this permission is only given on the condition, which we also think a wise and salutary one, that no difference should be made in the treatment of either class of patient, since such difference is sure to create discontent and a sense of injustice in the minds of the pauper lunatics. It is not therefore surprising that we find the private-patient element present in the smallest possible quantity. Thus in Chester Asylum there are 4 private patients and 443 paupers; in Leicester 56 private patients and 330 paupers; in York North-East Riding Asylum 24 private patients and 468 paupers; in Worcester 1 private patient and 424 paupers. In fine, the private patients who are now so accommodated are 259 in all as against 20,573 paupers. And yet the injustice done to private patients by treating them as, and classing them with, paupers is manifestly very great, and the committee, visitors, commissioners, and medical superintendents all agree in their testimony as to the actual evils and inconveniences of the plan. Dr. Robertson, superintendent of the Sussex County Asylum, has mentioned how much he was struck by the sight of the sad cases which came under his professional notice of people poor, but not being paupers, who were utterly unable to pay the sum required in order to place their afflicted relatives suitably, and who consequently kept them at home, to the disadvantage of the patient, and the discomfort and danger of the household. Moved by these considera-

tions, he prevailed on the committee and visitors in 1859 to admit private patients at 16s. per week, as there were at that time beds unoccupied in the asylum. But though the patients were all treated alike, there was so much discord and annoyance, caused chiefly by the patients' relatives, that he experienced a real relief when, three years afterwards, the crowded state of the wards obliged the managing committee not only to refuse to receive more, but to require the removal of those who were already there. Dr. Bucknill, Dr. Monro, and Dr. Campbell, all alike bear testimony of the same kind, and all unite in lamenting the paucity of separate accommodation for this class in public asylums, through which so many are condemned to insanity for life.

There are, however, in England fourteen public hospitals for lunatics endowed by private benevolence, where about 1300 unfortunates find shelter, at very moderate charges, varying from 6s. per week, to those who are in receipt of the benefits of certain special funds or trusts, up to 30s. per week. These hospitals are :

St. Thomas, Exeter ;	Bethel Hospital, Norwich ;
Liverpool Lunatic Hospital ;	Northampton ;
Cheadle Royal Asylum, Manchester ;	Nottingham ;
Lincoln Hospital ;	Warneford Asylum, Oxford ;
St. Luke's, Middlesex ;	Bethlehem Hospital, Surrey ;
Barnwood House, near Gloucester ;	York Asylum ;
Coton Hill, Stafford ;	

and the York Retreat, which last is, we believe, only in a certain sense a public charitable institution ; for it was founded and is managed by the Society of Friends ; and though receiving the higher classes of private patients of other denominations, we understand that its surplus funds and endowments are exclusively for the benefit of the poor of their own sect.

It may be roughly calculated that 1000 patients, whose pecuniary means are of a limited nature, find refuge in one or other of these hospitals ; but how little the supply of accommodation is equal to the demand may be surmised, when we add that in England there are about 44,695 persons of unsound or defective intellect, the insane in prison and the Chancery lunatics not being included. Again, many of these hospitals are very old, and were built before sanitary economy and the treatment of lunatics were as well understood as they are in the present day. Large additions have, in several instances, been made ; but in the old part of such buildings grave defects exist, which nothing less than the total demolition of the fabric could remedy. In this respect they are mostly far inferior to the county asylums provided out of the county rates for paupers.

Moreover, several of them are inconveniently crowded as regards the poorer class, and some difficulty is experienced in getting patients entered at the minimum rate. But we will suppose that, with so few places to choose among, the Dissenting minister or Post-office clerk is enabled to place his insane son or daughter at one of these hospitals on payment of 12*s.*, 14*s.*, or 16*s.* per week, no inconsiderable draw on a slender income; we may fairly ask, if a poor Catholic tradesman, clerk, or mechanic has a child so afflicted, where is there a place available for him? The answer is *nowhere*.

A Catholic patient is in one and all of the public hospitals cut off from religious services, and from the benefits of the constant attention and good offices of the priest; and this may be, and often is so, without the slightest intentional bigotry or ill-feeling on the part of the superintendent. Even if a Catholic is well enough to attend Mass, it is not very probable that a Protestant attendant can well be often spared in order to accompany him exclusively thither. Who will take the trouble to intimate to a Catholic priest that a poor lunatic of his faith has become an inmate of such and such an hospital in the neighbourhood? Who is there to remind the patient of those prayers and exercises which might, with God's help, console and soothe him in the dark hour? In what hospital would the visitations of the Sisters or Brothers of any Catholic religious order, though made exclusively for Catholic patients, be regarded otherwise than with distrust and impatience?

One might indeed say, that of these endowed hospitals Bethlehem might at least have been appropriated for the reception of Catholic lunatics, since it was originally founded and endowed by a Catholic and for Catholic purposes, to wit, one Simon Fitzman, in 1247. He provided for the maintenance of prior, canons, brethren, and sisters, who were to be distinguished by a star on their mantles; and one of their duties and privileges was to receive and entertain the Bishop of St. Mary of Bethlehem, and the canons, brothers, and messengers of that order, so often as they came to England. In 1547, Henry VIII. seized on the monastery, and gave it, with all its revenues and lands, to the mayor, commonalty, and city of London. It was then turned into an hospital for the insane, and was and still is filled almost entirely with Protestant lunatics, of whom more than one-third are also criminals. Our readers may remember the just and witty retort, which was in the first instance, we believe, veritable and genuine, though it afterwards found its way into the pages of *Punch*, the speakers being made to appear as Cardinal Wiseman and *Punch*. "We are restoring all our old cathedrals, your Eminence," says *Punch*. "Are you? we have not received any of them yet," is the

réply. We are too well acquainted with the sincerity and the strength of Protestant notions on such points; we understand too thoroughly the sturdiness with which they believe in their own principles of what is right and what is wrong, to dream of demanding from them the restoration of so much as a tithe of our cathedrals, our universities, and our innumerable endowed charities. The question is, as we have said before, how far Catholics are prepared to help themselves by means of mutual coöperation and proper organisation; for in no other fashion can they ever hope to supply their wants, or to remedy the evils under which they labour. Now the number of private lunatic patients in England, excluding military, naval, and criminal lunatics, who are provided for by the country, the idiots at Earlswood, and the Chancery patients, may be roughly computed at about 10,891; and they are distributed as follows: in county asylums, 260; in endowed hospitals, 1260; in licensed houses, 2830; resident with relatives, 5523; boarded out, or in lodgings, 1018. We have no means of computing the number of these who may be Catholic; but we think we shall not be accused of stepping beyond the mark in supposing that it may be in the proportion of 1 in 15, which would give upwards of 700 of our own faith, who are labouring under disadvantages of the gravest kind. We say this advisedly; for though it may be urged that the insane residing with their friends will not be debarred from religious consolation, they still lose the very decided benefits which a well-regulated public asylum affords; and in licensed houses or private asylums they have neither the one nor the other. We have not a word to say against licensed houses, or, as they are usually called, private asylums. There has been of late a more than sufficient outcry raised on that subject. We believe that many of these establishments are vigilantly superintended by able, zealous, upright, and humane men; but in any case the advantages of a large and numerous staff of attendants, of extensive grounds, and of special means for difficult and refractory cases, are not theirs to offer, except on terms utterly inaccessible to persons of ordinary means; while the public *esprit de corps*, the supervision of a general committee, the unquestionable aids to recovery afforded by strict discipline and varied association with others, are only to be secured at large hospitals. Of those patients resident with their friends or kinsfolk, though the motive may occasionally be dislike to publicity, it is far more frequently the idea of saving expense; and we may well assume that few persons would not gladly place their afflicted relatives at a large well-conducted hospital, provided they could afford to do so. If there is one thing which the study of insanity has made

clear beyond all doubt, it is that the chances of cure at home and among friends are reduced by two-thirds, and that such cures, when effected, are not satisfactory or permanent, but have a tendency to relapse. Neither is the *rationale* of this difficult to understand. The tendency of *all* insanity, whether of one kind or another, but especially in that preliminary stage which is called the incubation of insanity, is to make the patient either morose or excitable, suspicious of his friends and relations, irritable and impatient of control, or the semblance or suggestion of it. There is, in short, a completely inverted state of the natural affections; and those who were formerly the best loved are generally the objects of the greatest aversion. If it be husband or brother who is attacked, it is useless to suppose that he will obey a wife or a sister from whom he has been accustomed to exact and receive obedience as his due; and to be in his own house, but under the surveillance or orders of a servant, is of itself a humiliation and an annoyance. Not to be allowed to see his friends, to attend to his business, to go out unaccompanied, as he does not fully understand his unfitness for these things, all such restrictions cause many irritating discussions and great mental worry and vexation; and if a cure be fortunately effected, the memory of these sad scenes often remains, and forms a nucleus for future discomfort and bitterness. "Natural anger has a tendency to die out with time," says Dr. Guislain, "but the anger of mental alienation endures much longer—for years—often for life." It is therefore of immense importance that the recollection of home and kindred should not be associated with these trying and distressing occurrences; so that, when the patient has recovered, his illness and all concerned with it should be like a dream of far-off things and times. To remove the invalid at once from home is of itself a tonic to the mind. When the health is restored, it is another tonic to return to people and scenes totally disconnected with the past; for the chamber, the view from the window, the very articles of furniture belonging to a place in which a man has passed through paroxysms of madness, have each their own separate history of illusions, spectres, and horrors; a curious illustration of which we will give. A young gentleman became insane, and was for some time subject to fits of active mania. He was treated at home, and it was observed that he would never, if he could possibly avoid it, pass by a certain large stove standing in the hall; sometimes, in returning to his room, he was literally obliged to be dragged past this object by his servant. At other times he was found crouched down some little way from it, his eyes fixed and staring, and apparently wild with terror. Occasionally he would sit at a safe distance from the dreaded thing, gibbering and

mouthings at it. He was a very taciturn patient, and never could be prevailed on to explain his reasons. Ultimately convalescence, apparently complete, set in, and that was done which ought to have been resorted to in the first instance; he was sent away for change of scene and air. Afterwards, on his return, the first thing which engaged his attention was the stove. He walked gravely round and round it, scrutinised it from every point of view, after which he opened it and examined the interior very carefully.

"Ah!" he said, "I remember this very well, and how horribly you ill-used me about it; I fancied it was full of devils, who were always throwing out long grappling-irons by which to draw me in with them whenever I passed by: how frightened I used to be! but I see there are none in it at present." Not long after, his mind relapsed, and he is now an incurable maniac.

In truth, the most fortunate thing that can happen to an insane patient is that his malady should declare itself rapidly and with violence, for it then necessitates prompt treatment and immediate removal; whereas a case of slow melancholy, or gradual loss of volition and intelligence, is often allowed to go on undisturbed, and so becomes of a very hopeless kind. And this for two reasons: first, *any disease which begins slowly, not only has more time to root itself, but is also more likely to be caused by organic than functional derangement; and, secondly, it does not alarm people sufficiently to send immediately for medical advice.* One of the best modern authorities states, *that nine cases out of ten in insanity are curable, if treated within the first three months*, and free from complications with epilepsy or paralysis. As for placing an insane patient in lodgings under the care of an attendant, to be occasionally visited by a physician, we can conceive no situation so deplorable and distressing. Though women are by long usage quickly cowed and subdued, it is sufficiently humiliating to a gentlewoman to be ordered about and reported on, and perhaps misrepresented, by a servant; while to a gentleman it is not only productive of a most unhealthy and dangerous excitement, but is often the cause of scenes of very terrible violence. Indeed, who can blame a servant, singlehanded, if in order to carry out the doctor's peremptory orders, he is obliged to resort to force? A hand-to-hand contest probably follows. The servant is in peril from a lunatic, perhaps fully his own match in strength, and endowed with all the unnatural force, fury, and cunning peculiar to the disease. Who can greatly censure him; or, at any rate, who can feel much surprised, if, thus unsupported and without prospect of help, he deals a dangerous and disabling blow; or has recourse beforehand to the strait-waistcoat and a pair of handcuffs? From all casualties

such as these a large public hospital is almost entirely exempt. Total change of surroundings, such as places and persons, superinduce a new train of ideas; and among so many new and strange things a mild but firm discipline does not seem more new or strange than others. The patient learns to obey the directions of an educated gentleman, the more readily that none of his own relatives are near to observe the concession. He is quickly made aware that in case of refusal, there is a large staff of trained attendants at hand to compel obedience; he likewise learns that he has a direct and instant appeal to the physician if he suffers from their ill-using or neglecting him. The attendants, in the same way, are rarely violent, because being numerous they are not afraid, and fear is generally the parent of all cruelty, except in natures radically bad. The number of cures in public asylums and hospitals varies from 10 to 32 per cent of the inmates; while with the chancery lunatics, who are some of them in licensed houses, but are the greater number of them in lodgings with attendants, the recoveries are, we have seen it affirmed, only 5 per cent.

Having said so much in favour of large hospitals, if any one still doubts the want of accommodation for the poorer middle classes in this respect, after the evidence we have laid before them, we will refer them to the remarks of the Commissioners in Lunacy on this point, in their evidence before a Select Committee of the House of Commons in 1859. We seem, therefore, to have arrived at these conclusions. The number of hospitals for patients who are of moderate means is small, and the accommodation limited in proportion to the number requiring it. The county asylums are closed to this class in nearly all instances; and a year or two more will see them all filled exclusively with paupers.

The licensed houses cannot afford to offer equal advantages, except at a great expense. There is no hospital or asylum at all for Catholic patients of moderate or limited means, where they would be cared for by members of their own faith, or visited by a priest, though there are probably at least 700 Catholic lunatics in England, by whom such an establishment is needed. The question is, as we have said before, are Catholics prepared to permit this state of things to continue? What have they done, or what are they willing to do, to remedy it? We may be quite sure, now that attention has been called to the existing want of middle-class accommodation for lunatics, that suitable hospitals will be quickly forthcoming; indeed, with an enterprising energy which does them honour, efforts in that direction have already been made by numerous individuals; plans have been drawn out, the necessary calculations have been made, and we

may expect soon to see the visible fruits of their labours. But it should be distinctly understood, that the promoters and organisers of such schemes being Protestants, there will not be the smallest element of Catholic control in carrying them out, neither will the poorer patients of our own faith be one whit benefited by such measures. It may here be stated, that in insanity, more frequently than in almost any other disease, there is a quiet and lucid interval just before death; is it right that we should by neglect prevent these our poorer brethren, so afflicted on earth, to depart this life with none near to offer the last rites of the Church? Will Catholics still sit with their arms folded and do nothing in this matter? It is true that a minority, which has long been treated with severity and injustice, is apt to degenerate into a chronic state of apathy and almost hopelessness; but it is an evil sign when the vanquished become as the dead. In the sister island, Government has hitherto, we regret to say, thought it expedient to deny us a charter for our University; it will, we venture to hope, not refuse us a license for our lunatic asylums.

Our object in this article is to propose a practical scheme by which lunatic hospitals for the middle and poorer classes of Catholics may be erected, and made, not only self-supporting, but a reasonably lucrative investment, and also form a basis for further operations, and be the foundation of a fund to which the charitable contributions of the rich should be solicited. These contributions should form an endowment for the reception, support, and cure of poor but deserving cases. The hospital, duly licensed, would of course be under the supervision of the Commissioners in Lunacy; but the patients would be the especial charge of members of a religious order, and the medical and sanitary departments should be under the superintendence of some thoroughly well-qualified physician.

A very able and practical treatise on the subject has been published by Dr. C. L. Robertson, superintendent of the Sussex Lunatic Asylum, Hayward's Heath. It was originally read before the Brighton and Surrey Medico-Chirurgical Society; was afterwards printed in the *Journal of Mental Science*; and contains many excellent suggestions, of which we gladly avail ourselves. As he truly remarks, what our middle-classes require in this matter is not alms, but organised co-operation; and it is this which Catholics should endeavour to supply, so as to aid and benefit the many hundreds of poor Catholic lunatics. Lord Shaftesbury, the chairman of the Board, states that if the guarantee of the county-rates could be given, hospitals of this kind would unquestionably be self-supporting; that by taking a mixed class of patients at graduated rates the payments would not only carry on

the operations of the institution, provide for all expenses, salaries, &c., but would in thirty years (discharging the interest meanwhile) liquidate the principal of the building account. But, though granting the guarantee of the county-rates is an experiment which would not really cost the outlay of one farthing, we fear it would be useless to try to establish a precedent of the kind in favour of Catholics. To their own zeal, enterprise, and sagacity only they must look; and the provisions of the Limited Liabilities Act seem to offer a safe and available channel for operations. At the most moderate computation it may be supposed that there are between 600 and 700 Catholic lunatics in the country, omitting the naval, military, criminal, and pauper patients. To these must be added many who are to our own knowledge placed in foreign asylums expressly that they may be under the care of those of their own faith. It is reasonable to believe that if similar advantages could be offered here on moderate terms, the relatives of these patients would prefer their being placed in England. Let us, however, to be on the safe side, calculate on receiving something less than two-thirds of this number. What we require for this is two hospitals in the northern part of England, each able to accommodate 120 patients; the one for males, the other for females; and two of similar proportions in the south or south-western district. Lancashire for many reasons seems the most suitable county for the first-named; and for the southern one the suitability of a site and the price of land would guide the selection. Dr. Robertson estimates the purchase of from twenty to twenty-five acres of land at 1500*l.*, allowing it to be 70*l.* per acre. But land may be procured in some parts at a much lower price, say from 50*l.* to 60*l.* per acre; and we think, therefore, that 1300*l.* or 1400*l.* laid out with judgment might secure about twenty-five acres in some dry and healthy district. The building would be in the shape of a horse-shoe thickened in its centre, composed of three blocks—built without pretension or ornament, but securely and strongly put together. The central block would contain to the front the chapel, to which there would be immediate communication from both wings; and behind it, detached and facing the other way, would be the kitchens, general mess-room, stores, &c. of a size sufficient even if the asylum should be eventually enlarged; a detached laundry in the rear, together with a general bathing-house, would be very desirable additions, arranged, of course, so as not to be eyesores from the mess-room windows. This mess-room should be the general dining-room; but for the different classes of patients two mess-rooms, one over the other, parallel with the assigned class of patients in either wing, would be a better plan. In this block all food would be

prepared and eaten, except in the case of the sick and infirm. Sixty patients would dine in each room, as it has been proved by experience that association and society with others, even though they be all alike insane, are an important element in the curative process, preventing many depraved, unseemly, and uncleanly habits. In the two detached blocks or wings the first-floor of each would be devoted to the thirty second-class, and the second floor to the thirty first-class patients; while the third story would contain the additional sleeping-rooms required. The first floor to the front would have three large rooms running the whole length of the wing, and might be library, smoking, and billiard room. On the other side associated dormitories of three and six beds in each room, with fireplace and attendant's room. At the end would be the infirmary, with six beds, and attendant's room. The second floor would be exactly the same, except that there would be fifteen single bedrooms; and on the third floor the additional number required, single or with three beds in, as might be best; and also several single sitting-rooms, if desired, for richer patients. The furniture for the second floor and mess-room should be simple, plain, and good; and that for the second and third, though simple, might be of a kind which would associate it with the idea of a private family. In each there would be bath-rooms and water-closets, and on the third there might, in addition, instead of the infirmary, be one or two rooms carefully shut off in case of a noisy or disturbed patient. The land not occupied by the building would be laid out in shrubbery, flower, and kitchen-garden, and lawn for cricket and other games, to which a tennis-court might be added if thought desirable.

For the female asylum, instead of smoking and billiard-rooms, &c., there might be music, needlework, and sitting-rooms. *Dr. Robertson offers to pledge his professional reputation that such an asylum can be built, fitted up, and furnished, to the entire satisfaction of the Commissioners, at 150*l.* per head; this sum to include an ample margin for ball-room, laundry, and all other offices. And his large experience and high qualifications enable him to speak decisively on this point.*

Thus we have a debt of 18,000*l.* to start with. The purchase of the 25 or 30 acres would be 1500*l.* more; and allowing for other preliminary expenses 1,000*l.*, we have 20,500*l.* We ought to have other 2500*l.* to defray the first year's expenditure before the payments for patients could come in. This would make 23,000*l.* This sum we should propose to raise according to the provisions of the Limited Liability Act, in shares of 100*l.* each. If the site could be chosen contiguous to the waterworks of some small healthy town, or

in the immediate vicinity of a large county asylum, a large margin of outlay might be saved in respect of gas and water-supply, as some arrangement might doubtless be come to advantageous to both parties. It would likewise be advisable, if possible, instead of buying the land, to take it on a twenty-one years lease, with option of purchasing at a fixed sum meanwhile.

Now comes the question of income. Our plan is that the sixty first-class patients on the second and third floor of either wing should each pay two guineas a-week, which would produce 6000 guineas per annum, after allowing for two or three occasional vacancies. Thirty more patients at one guinea, and the same number of poorer patients at 14s. per week—the first-named yielding 1500 guineas, and the last 1000 per annum; in all 8500 guineas—or 9300*l.* of income. Let us see how much of this would be expended, and in what manner. The actual cost of patients per head in a large establishment, exclusive of clothing and rent, may be estimated at from 9*s.* to 11*s.* per week each for paupers; but at the hospitals or chartered asylums, which afford the only public accommodation in the country for private patients, the average rates per head are as follows:

ASYLUM.	Average weekly expense.			ASYLUM.	Average weekly expense.		
	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
St. Thomas, Devon.	0	16	9½	Cheadle, near Manchester	1	10	7
Liverpool, Lancaster	1	0	1	Lincoln			16 7
St. Luke's, Middlesex	18	2½		Coton, Stafford	1	3	8½
Bethel, Norfolk	10	2½		Bethlehem, Surrey			18 11
Northampton	11	4½		York			16 6
Nottingham	1	5	1½	York Retreat	1	0	3½
Warneford, Oxford	1	0	1½				

Thus it will be seen that the actual weekly expenses per head, in which are included salaries of officers, servants' wages, food, wines, &c., medicine, fuel, gas, furniture, bedding, printing, advertising, books, taxes, occasional pleasure-trips, and all other matters save rent and clothing, run from 10*s.* to 25*s.* per week, with but one exception in excess. If, therefore, we base our calculation on a cost of 21*s.* a-week per patient, we are allowing a fair and liberal sum. It is found that in most cases the friends prefer supplying clothes to the patients.

Now there are few asylums in England so deservedly famed or so admirably conducted as the York Retreat, under Dr. Kitching. This establishment was founded by, and is under the management of the Society of Friends, and it provides for the poor members of that sect at an extremely reduced rate, but takes in patients of a higher class, and of other persuasions, on a heavier scale of charges. It was, we believe, one of the first, if not the first, lunatic hospital

which dispensed with the old system of coercion and mechanical restraint, and now contains 123 patients, 50 males and 73 females. As our own estimate is to be made for 120 patients, we cannot have a better model and guide. Referring to the table above, we find the weekly cost of each patient there is 1*l.* 0*s.* 3*d.* This secures an income of about 6417*l.* 14*s.* 6*d.* per annum. It is distributed as follows :

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
Salaries . . .	1100	0	0	Medicines . . .	26	16	1
Wages . . .	1034	1	6	Fuel, light . . .	463	15	7
Food . . .	2974	8	3	Furniture, bedding . . .	285	7	4
Wines, spirits, &c. . .	195	13	1	Printing, library . . .	81	1	3
Soap . . .	60	10	0	Carriage-horses, &c. . .	160	0	0
Incidentals . . .	35	19	5				
				Total	6417	14	6

It will be observed that 2134*l.* of this expenditure is due to salaries and wages. It is not unreasonable to suppose that nearly, if not quite half, of this would be saved under the management of brothers or sisters of a religious order. A resident medical officer would of course be necessary, and it would be a true and wise economy to offer an ample salary, sufficient to secure such a high degree of proved ability, experience, and zeal as should make the hospital stand foremost for the excellence and efficiency of its system, and for the number of cures effected among the patients. When the asylum is occupied by male patients, one or more pupils, or *internes* as they are called in France, might be admitted for a limited period on payment of certain fees: this would be a valuable opportunity for any student of medicine to acquire a thorough and practical knowledge of mental pathology.

We should, by halving the above-named 2134*l.*, reduce the working expenses to about 5400*l.* per annum, as against our estimated income of 9300*l.*; leaving thus a margin of 3900*l.*, to be applied in the first instance to the interest of the capital debt of 23,000*l.* This, at 7 per cent, which we imagine would satisfy the shareholders, would amount to 1610*l.*; leaving 2290*l.*, which might be probably allowed to accumulate, so as to provide for the ultimate liquidation of the debt. That object could be accomplished in about ten years, provided the hospital were always well filled; but for the first three years, or even more, that could not be certainly counted on. But even if only half filled, the expenses would of course be lessened, though not in proportion,—say one-third only. Even then the payment by patients of 4650*l.* per annum, as against the outgoing of 3600*l.*, would defray the expenditure, and leave a balance

of 1050*l.*, with which to afford interest to the shareholders at the rate of $4\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. We believe Catholics would make the existence of such an asylum known as widely as possible; and we doubt not that clergymen would gladly recommend it to such of their flock as had relatives mentally afflicted. It is to be observed that as the capital would be either sunk or secured on freehold buildings and furniture, there would be tangible security for a large proportion of the funds, even if the result were utter failure.

It is with no intention of proposing a scheme of a speculative or inordinately lucrative character that this article is written; but simply with the object of stirring up Catholics to coöperate with each other in the endeavour to supply a great and lamentable deficiency, and to point out the mode and means by which it may be done on equitable and commercial principles, so as to make such institutions not only thoroughly sound and self-supporting, but a fairly remunerative investment. In this view Dr. Robertson's closing suggestion seems to us excellent. Though he is well convinced that such an affair would ultimately yield from 10 to 20 per cent, he proposes that the interest on the shares should be limited to 7 per cent, and that any dividend in excess should be applied to forming a fund to which further charitable contributions and legacies should be invited for the reduction of the cost of maintenance in necessitous and deserving cases. If subsequent experience renders it advisable to extend the accommodation either for a poor class of patients or otherwise, the asylum cottage-system is found to answer admirably. A few simple cottages, fitted for the reception of four or five patients each, with the attendant brother, would be built in different parts of the grounds, yet deriving their supplies from the central stores, and the inmates messing with the other patients. This is a most suitable and very economical means of extending both our base of operations and also of affording additional means of classification. We feel justified in remarking that these calculations are so simple as to be easily understood. Once the quantity of land required and the price of it known, the rest may be computed without any difficulty by the aid of the details which we have given, and which are extracted from the various reports of the Commissioners in Lunacy, and are also in accordance with the published accounts of the different hospitals. We have been careful invariably to reckon the estimate of expenditure rather over than under, so as to allow a margin for the shortcomings and unavoidable casualties which occasionally happen even in the best-planned and best-inspired scheme; and we must add, in conclusion, that the thanks of the public generally, and of Catholics more especially, are due to Dr. Robertson for his timely

and practical suggestions on a subject of such gravity and importance.

Since writing the above, our attention has been called to the existence of a lunatic asylum for women conducted by the Sisters of St. Vincent of Paul at Richmond, near Dublin. The house is pleasantly situated, standing in large grounds; and the daughters of St. Vincent are as patient and devoted in their care of the insane as they have ever shown themselves to be in their attendance on the sick or suffering. Their holy founder in his own lifetime had a great compassion for the insane. "They are," said a Sister to one who visited the Richmond Asylum, "the most forsaken of all God's creatures."

From the insane, friends and relatives are sometimes willing and sometimes obliged to turn away. No one class, then, stands more in need of the watchful and loving ministrations of those who work for God and not for men.

R.

Sketches from the History of Christendom.

II. URBAN V. AND HIS LEGATE.

Few men, perhaps, ever mounted a throne with better intentions and a clearer view of the work that their position called on them to carry out than Guillaume de Grimoard, when in the year 1362 he was elected Pope, and began to reign under the name of Urban V. It would be most unfair to complete the antithesis, and to imply that he signally failed to perform his work and to realise his intentions. He had many great qualities, and accomplished many great undertakings. He lived as a saint should live; and after his death he was held in honour as a saint, though he never was canonised. He broke through with great resolution the ties that bound the Roman court to Avignon; and he earned in a special manner the gratitude of Europe for his patronage of learning, and his exertions to arrest the ever-growing power of the infidels in the East. Still there is an appearance of incompleteness about his character; and, on this account probably, his life disappoints us, not merely because he missed success, as many of the greatest men have done, but because the great strain to which he was exposed seems to have overtaxed him and broken him down, not by bringing out any moral flaw, but by lighting on a natural weakness which a hero might not have had.

Like all the Avignon Popes, Guillaume de Grimoard was a Frenchman; born at Grisac, of noble and pious parents, in 1309. His godfather was St. Elzéar of Sabran, whom he afterwards, when Pope, canonised; who, with his wife St. Delphine, forms one of those rare couples, double stars, as it were, in the saintly firmament of the Church, who have lived in the estate of marriage in perpetual continency, and been honoured on the altars by the Church. His early years were remarkable for piety and for the quickness with which he learnt whatever he had an opportunity of learning; but he did not gain any great distinction or preferment in the Church till at the age of forty-six. He had then been for twenty-three years a religious of the Order of St. Benedict, and for twenty years a professor of ecclesiastical law, first at Montpellier, and latterly at Avignon, where he was naturally under the eye of the Pope himself. He had also been Vicar-General of the Bishop of Uzès. Innocent VI. made him Abbot of St. Germain-en-Auxerre in 1357; and from that time

dates his rise in ecclesiastical dignity. He began his reign as Abbot by a struggle with a formidable enemy, the Archbishop of Sens. The Archbishop, besides being one of the wealthiest prelates in France, was a man of high family and of great credit with the king. He was imperious and aggressive, as he showed by going beyond his clear right in exacting a certain tax from all the religious houses of his province. Most of them submitted, for the Archbishop was a man whom it was not wise to brave. But Guillaume de Grimoard, fresh from the professor's chair, and with but little experience of worldly policy, would not allow of the injustice. He went to the Archbishop, and showed him by the plainest reasoning that he had no right to the contribution that he claimed. His lordship got into a passion,—he was not likely to be able to argue,—threw himself on the Abbot, tore his beard, and declared that he would have the money in spite of him. Guillaume remonstrated; but he only got for answer: "You shall revenge yourself when you are Pope." What was worse, he could not get full justice at Avignon, where the Archbishop was very powerful; and the affair remained undecided till the death of Innocent VI. When Guillaume succeeded him, he did revenge himself in a fashion. He told the Archbishop that he intended to raise him to a still higher dignity, and appointed him—Patriarch of Jerusalem. The dignity certainly was higher, but it was titular, and unaccompanied by any revenues that could at all compensate for the loss of the Archbishopric of Sens. However, when he had humbled his old enemy, he listened to the pleadings of the French king in his behalf, and reinstated him.

Perhaps the intrepidity with which Guillaume had withstood the tyranny of the Archbishop recommended him to Innocent VI. as a fit envoy to be sent to the terrible Barnabo Visconti, the lord of Milan, with whom the Holy See was then at war, and who seemed to be gaining ground against the legate Albornoz, who was comparatively very weak in men and money. This was in 1361, when the siege of Bologna was going on, and the Papal forces seemed unable to hold out much longer. Guillaume spoke to Barnabo with the same force and freedom that he had used before with the Archbishop. He was a man of books, and by no means a courtier. Barnabo treated him even worse than the great French prelate; he tore in pieces the letter that he had brought him from the Pope, and made him eat it. He little thought that before long he would be himself almost at the mercy of the ambassador whom he treated so brutally. Guillaume returned to Avignon, and was preparing to go again into Italy as legate, armed with the amplest powers to raise forces against Barnabo by every possible means, when the victory of San Ruffello

put an end, for the time, to all danger from that tyrant. He was then made Abbot of St. Victor at Marseilles; and then again despatched into Italy as legate to Naples, where the affairs of Queen Joanna required the presence of a representative of the Holy See. He seems to have lingered at various points on the road; and was praying by the tomb of his founder St. Benedict, at Monte Cassino, before entering Naples, when a messenger from Avignon reached him, bidding him, in the name of the Cardinals assembled in conclave, return at once, as they required his advice on a matter of the highest moment. He had heard of the death of Innocent VI. at Florence, and is said to have cried, that he would willingly die the next day, if, by the grace of God, he could see a Pope who was minded to come into Italy, the true seat of the spiritual authority, in order to destroy the tyrants that afflicted her. Their lordships the Cardinals had probably not heard of this speech, or his friend Guillaume d'Aigrefeuille, the former Bishop of Uzès, whose Vicar he had been, might have found more difficulty in persuading them to elect him Pope. On receiving the summons of the Sacred College, he hastened his return; and was solemnly crowned at Avignon on the 5th of November 1362.

The very outset of his reign showed the court and the people of Avignon that there was to be a change in the manner of administering the Papal government. Urban suppressed the magnificent *cavalcata*, a procession in which the Pope rode in solemn state through the town, which was adorned with every display of pomp and joy, amidst the homage and plaudits of the crowd. Soon he began to make Cardinals and prelates feel his zeal for reform. He abolished the right of asylum attached to the palaces of the former; it had often been used to shelter crime and injustice. He set the pulpit to work against their worldliness and luxury; one of the first orators of the day, Nicholas Oresme, was instructed to preach before the whole court on Christmas-eve, and not to spare the faults even of the highest of his hearers. The sermon produced a great effect. Urban then swept away with a vigorous hand a number of abuses, such as simony and the plurality of benefices, that had grown up to dishonour the ecclesiastical hierarchy. At the same time, however, he began to follow the example of his predecessors in one respect, which revived to some extent the fainting hopes of the Cardinals. He added to the magnificent palace of the Popes at Avignon, at great expense, not only a new wing and a seventh tower,—in memory, no doubt, writes his biographer, of the seven hills of Rome,—but also beautiful and sumptuous gardens. He called his new buildings *Rome*; many about him, probably, wished in secret that he might be satisfied with no

Rome but that. We have already mentioned his strong measures against the incorrigible enemy of the Church, Barnabo Visconti; and also how, when he might have crushed him for ever, he not only made but sought peace with him, sacrificing Albormoz to his enmity; and thus prepared a fresh crop of troubles for himself and his successor. His reason, no doubt, was a sincere desire to pacify Italy and Europe, in order that all Christendom might join in a grand crusade. But it is universally admitted that his peace with Visconti was a mistake—a mistake of that kind, perhaps, which a saintly and charitable soul is more likely to commit than a sage and experienced politician. Barnabo had been touched, at all events for a time, by the burning words of the Archbishop of Crete, Pierre Thomas, one of the most conspicuous and indefatigable servants of the Holy See in that generation. His biographers count the taming of Barnabo as one of his greatest exploits. The Pope may well have believed that the change would be lasting. Men of that kind are, however, seldom really changed by personal influence, unless it be exerted continually, or for a long time together. Even if the crusade had to be delayed awhile—and, as it was, it ended in nothing,—if it required the peace of Italy and the Christian world as its necessary condition, that peace could only have been firmly secured by the extinction of so permanent a cause of disturbance as was contained in the power of Barnabo.

We intend to devote our present paper as much to Pierre Thomas as to Urban himself. It is not only that his character is noble and attractive, but it bears also the stamp of the age to which he belongs; and his career illustrates the action of the Holy See on the world at large, at the very time that it is supposed to have been losing its power. He was of about the same age as the Pope, born in a village in Languedoc, of poor and obscure parents. When quite young, he got off to a neighbouring town, led by a desire to go to school; and he managed to pick up knowledge enough, after a time, to be able to support himself by teaching others. At the age of twenty we find him at Agen, still leading the same kind of life: here a Carmelite Prior falls in with him, and offers him a home in his own monastery, where he is to teach grammar and logic to the students. After some time thus spent, he attracted the attention of another Carmelite superior, who persuaded him to renounce the world entirely, and enter the Order in the monastery at Condom. He at once began to be a pattern in every religious virtue. A great many more years of study and teaching brought him on to the age of forty, when he was sufficiently conspicuous in the Order to be elected by a General Chapter, held at Milan in 1345, to the office of Procurator-general of the

Order at Avignon. His fellow-religious, St. Andrew Corsini, afterwards Archbishop of Florence, was present with him at this Chapter. His removal to Avignon brought him under the notice of the Papal court. He was already famous for the force and efficacy of his preaching, his fame began to increase wonderfully among the Cardinals and others about the Pope, and he was very much courted by them as an adviser.

Let us take a few lines from his character at this time, as drawn by his friend and biographer, Philippe Mazières: "Though he had now gained so high a place in the court, he was always subject to his Prior and the rules of his convent: he always rose for Matins: never, all his life, till he was Bishop and Apostolic Legate, did he eat in his monastery except in the common refectory, or of any other food than what his poor brethren had. His holy conversation and wonderful preaching made him wonderfully beloved and venerated, specially by the townspeople, tradesmen, and women, whom he had prevailed on by his sermons to give up the superfluous adorning of their hair with pearls, and other vanities. He himself confessed to me, that on one occasion, when his monastery at Avignon was exceedingly poor, he made a *quête* (*unam questam*) in Avignon alone, and came back in the evening, having collected a thousand florins on that one day: so much was he beloved on account of his virtue. No one denied him what he asked for, and he supported and fed his religious brethren wherever he was. In his preaching he spared no one,—neither the lord Pope, nor any one else. He commonly made people laugh in the middle of his sermons, telling some pleasant and useful anecdote; but at the end of them he so spoke that every one went away consoled and edified. . . . There was no such preacher in the Church of God in his day, whose works preceded and followed his words; and truly his life might be called not human, but divine, for he cared for nothing earthly, except only the increase of the Catholic faith."

We are told that he was personally so ugly and insignificant, that the General of the Order had not been pleased at his election to so important a post, and did not at first like to take him as companion in his visits to the Cardinals and the Pope. The Cardinal Talleyrand, however, discovered his merit. He was employed by Innocent VI. in several difficult legations, in most of which he was wonderfully successful. He was a plain, resolute man, who would never listen to a compromise of principle, and seems to have been perfectly fearless: but he had at the same time that ineffable charm of gentleness and sweetness with which sanctity can gild the sternest and severest natures. Queen Joanna and her husband, Louis of Taren-

tum, the emperors Charles IV. and John Palæologus, the kings of Cyprus, Hungary, and Rascia, the republics of Venice and Genoa, besides the tyrant of Milan, received him in turn as the envoy of the Holy See. He was made successively Bishop of Patti and Lipari, then of Coron in Achaia, then Archbishop of Crete, and finally Patriarch of Constantinople. He was legate in the whole East, and laboured much in Cyprus, Crete, and the coasts of Asia Minor, for the protection of the Christians against the ever-increasing power of the Turks, and for the reconciliation of heretics and schismatics. The crusade, for the sake of which he returned to Europe in company with the king of Cyprus, and of which he was appointed legate and chief after the death of the Cardinal Talleyrand, was, as we shall see, a sad failure,—a failure which broke his spirit, and brought him to the grave.

He had been the life and the soul of the work of the Church in the East, from the time that he was sent as nuncio to John Palæologus, whom he persuaded to submit to the Catholic Church. All the time that he was employed in these difficult embassies and legations, he led as far as possible the same recollected and mortified life as within the walls of his monastery. We have mentioned his singular intrepidity. The king of Rascia—a part of the country now known as Servia—claimed the title of Emperor of the Bulgarians, and had sent to the Pope to propose terms for bringing over his subjects to the communion of the Church from the Greek schism. He was, as it seems, more than half a barbarian, and the Papal nuncio sent to deal with him was likely to require considerable nerve and courage. First, there was a demand that Pierre Thomas should kiss the foot of this would-be emperor, when he had his audience; a stipulation which he rejected as unworthy of a legate of the Holy See. He charmed the king for a time by his conversation, and even produced some effect on him by his arguments; but the interview ended in an unfriendly manner. The king immediately issued an edict forbidding his Catholic subjects and any Catholic residents in the city to be present at the Mass or Divine Office of the legate, on pain of losing their eyes. Pierre Thomas was not to be daunted: he not only continued to celebrate Mass in public, but he invited all the Catholics to assist at his Mass the next day; and his summons brought together so numerous an audience, that the king was obliged to digest his wrath as best he might, after having been told openly by one of the German officers in his service that the Catholics would not be debarred from the free enjoyment of their religion. Another time, when in Crete, he put down a rising heresy by simple resolution. We tell the story in the words of Philippe Mazières. Pierre

Thomas, while in the Levant, heard news from Crete which "disturbed his heart not a little: namely, that a certain abominable heresy was spreading itself in that island, and particularly among the nobles and greater people. Wishing therefore to extinguish it before it gained strength, the legate put aside all the other affairs of his mission, and sailed to Crete with a single galley. All his friends had counselled him against this, for two reasons: for he had, by the force of his wonderful preaching, retained many galleys belonging to the Venetians in the service of God against the Turks, for some space of time beyond that fixed by their seignury. His friends therefore were afraid that, if he went to Crete, the governor there would demand of him payment for the galleys aforesaid, which he was quite unable to make. The other reason was, that the leader of the heresy there was brother to the wife of the governor. But the legate, fearing God rather than man, and making little account of the death of his own body and of his friends, full of confidence in God and earnestness in the discharge of his office, laid aside all fear, and went up to the city of Gandia, where he was received by the governor, not as a legate and a friend, but as an enemy. What his friends had feared came about, and much more; for the governor, knowing not the ways of God, importunately, proudly, and with threats, demanded of the legate the pay for the aforementioned galleys. But the legate, wisely taking no notice of his words, began with subtlety to seek out the heresy. When he had discovered it, he caused those infected with it who were dwelling in the city to be called before him. The brother of the governor's wife was one of them, and indeed their leader. They had planted it firmly in the island, and corrupted many. They agreed together how to act, and then came before the legate with pride, arrogance, and indignation. He addressed them sweetly and piously, and examined them in the faith. But they made light of his good and sweet words, and answered him arrogantly and not to the purpose. He then determined to separate them, and examine them one by one, asking for this purpose, in the name of the Roman Church, help from the secular arm,—that is, from the governor. When the governor heard of it, full of fury and ill-will, and excited by his wife, he came to the legate, loaded him with abuse, denied him all help, and added threats against his own safety. Upon which an outcry began to spread through the city and the island for the death of the legate and the Latins with him who belonged to the Roman Church. And then all the household of the legate gave themselves up for dead, and expected the moment of the death of their lord. He, however, saw nothing of all this; being strong in the Lord, and fearless himself, he encouraged his Latin

companions of the Roman Church, and animated them to be ready to die for the Catholic faith, if it were necessary.* The next day he showed the power of God and of His Church: with the sound of the bells he put under an interdict and excommunication the governor and the whole city; he suspended the Divine Office, and caused the doors of all the Latin churches to be closed; and spoke to the governor words that caused all to wonder, telling him that the Roman Church gave kingdoms to faithful men, and took them away from unfaithful; and that if the Venetians supported the disobedient and heretics, the lord Pope would take away from them the dominion of Crete, and give it to others. The governor, however, hearing the great things of God, and the works that were done of Him, took counsel; the fear of God smote his heart, and he began to be afraid of the Pope and the seigneurs of Venice. Then, being softened by God, he came in person to the legate, and asked pardon for himself for what had been done. The legate received him humbly, and by his holy words recalled him and the others from their malice; so that the governor and his council were present at the examination of the heretics, and in their presence the latter were condemned by the legate to death by fire. The heretics having been justly condemned, they confessed their heresy before all, and then recanted it before the legate and the rest, and devoutly implored pardon. But the brother of the governor's wife persevered in his heresy, and so was burnt by the secular arm,—that is, by his own brother-in-law the governor. Wonderful, and more than wonderful! The people of Crete, who had been favourers of the heresy, and had gnashed their teeth against the legate, now venerated him and almost worshipped him, and the governor and nobles paid him such great honour, that whatever he willed was carried out."

The account given by the same simple and admiring biographer of the efforts of Pierre Thomas to set on foot the crusade of which we have already made some mention is quite touching. Few things of the kind move us more than to see an earnest and self-sacrificing attempt on the part of some high-minded and far-seeing man to rouse others to exertion in a great and holy cause meet with neglect, cold sympathy, scanty aid, and end in disappointment and failure; and the feeling is enhanced in proportion to our estimate of the importance of the cause that such efforts were meant to serve, and of the lowness and selfishness of the motives that prevented men from taking it up heartily. At the same time, we must not be too severe on the contemporaries of Pierre Thomas, who were not very unlike

* The text in the Bollandists (Jan. tom. ii. p. 1003) seems here and there corrupt. We have ventured in this place to read *roboravit* for *laboravit*.

the generality of mankind in giving their attention exclusively to the matters that seemed to them of present and tangible importance, and in failing to realise the necessities of distant brethren and the magnitude of dangers still future and contingent. Exertion is always hard, and, besides, men are never without claims on all their disposable energies. It is true that the kings and princes of Europe might have had more creditable excuses to plead than their continual bickerings among themselves; but the gist of their answers was, that their hands were full at home. We all know what it is to be canvassed—some people would say, to be attacked—by one of those good missionary priests, who, after having spent a great part perhaps of their life, and a still larger share of their health and strength, in some distant part of the world,—India, China, or the Rocky Mountains,—have come back to Europe with hearts full of the manifold needs and wonderful opportunities of their missions, to beg, for the love of God, for the aid of Catholic charity to enable them to carry on their work, or to win—a still more precious treasure in their eyes—some few volunteers from the swarms of young men who are ever entering upon the career of life, to take part with themselves in reaping the plentiful harvest where the labourers are so few. It is not always that we find it easy to enter heart and soul into the furtherance of new calls such as these. We are sometimes inclined to turn away, with civility and respect, from these importunate suppliants, though they come to us almost with the stamp of martyrdom on their brow, and ask us for little indeed in comparison to the sacrifices they themselves have made to the divinest work in the world. Or we free ourselves from them by a slight contribution to the cause for which they plead, and we have done with it: though what it requires is, that many, or that all, should take it up and urge it on, if it is to have a chance of success. The good men pass on, far too accustomed to such rebuffs to be angry, far too charitable to make the calculation to themselves, how many missionaries they might support, how many orphans they might feed and clothe, in those distant lands that are for ever in their thoughts, with the cost perhaps of some of our superfluities. They pass on, to meet with much the same treatment elsewhere, and we turn to our own occupations; and their image, and the thought of the cause in which they sought to interest us, fade away, like the remembrance of a guest “who tarrieth but a day,” till we hear, perhaps, three or four years after, that they have fallen victims to some pestilential climate, or have been poisoned by bonzes or schismatics, or tortured and laden with the *kang* by mandarins and “satellites.” Could we enter into their thoughts, of course our wonder would be, not that any one

should be drawn to engage in such an enterprise as theirs, but that any one could help joining it. The immense fruit of grace and glory that is to be gained by the conversion of the ignorant heathen; the wonderful efficacy and plenteousness of the heavenly assistance by which the work is made easy, so far surpassing, if we may judge from what is told us by the workers themselves, what is commonly to be found when the sphere of action lies among a corrupt, though Christian, population; the ineffable peace and joy of which St. Francis Xavier so constantly speaks, and which seems in its degree to be the common lot even of ordinary followers in his footsteps; and, on the other hand, the importance to the Church that the work of evangelising should be done—done at once, and the hopeless mischief that may follow on delay;—these, and other considerations of the same kind, on which this is not the place to enter, would loom in such large proportions before the mind, as to dwarf other interests into comparative insignificance. Men of this sort see truths that belong to us all, as to which every one has a real interest and duty; but they see them in a light unshared by others, which seems to bring to them a new sense, and to transform them by engrossing them. They seem dreamers to others, and others seem dreamers to them.

Such men in our own time may serve as an illustration of the class of minds of which Pierre Thomas is an instance in the fourteenth century; and when they present themselves to a Christian community already fully occupied at home with its own projects and schemes of good, and remind it of duties undeniable indeed, yet still distant, or even of dangers not yet altogether tangible, the welcome they receive is not likely to correspond to their own estimate of the importance of their cause. They sing to us a song that we have heard before, and it calls us to exertion and self-sacrifice. Have we not our own work to do, our own perils to meet?

In the case of Pierre Thomas, however, it was not a question only of enlarging the bounds of the Church, of bringing in souls that might otherwise remain as they were, of adding fresh nations to the community of Christendom. In the mind of such as he, it was a question of recovering lost ground; of rolling back a tide of infidel and barbarian conquest that had been encroaching for centuries on the heritage of Christianity, that seemed to be ever increasing in power and ferocity, and to be already mastering the outworks, without which the defence of the citadel itself might become impossible. It was no mere sentiment, "for the possession of a grave," as some one has lately said; forgetting, as it seems, Whose grave it was of which he spoke. No doubt it was simple Christian feeling that burst forth, like the waters from the rock at the prophet's touch,

when Peter the Hermit first woke up Europe for the recovery of the Holy Sepulchre. No doubt this was always the great universal moving cause, when the masses were enlisted in the army of the Cross; and as to this, St. Louis did not differ from the poorest man-at-arms who followed him, nor did the Roman Pontiffs and the long line of saints, who did so much to urge on what was called the "holy passage," yield to any in the depth and intensity of the "sentiment." This is only to say, that it was a natural feeling in every Catholic heart, the force of which will be greater with one person than with another, and perhaps in one age than in another; but of which, with all persons and in all times, it would be simply shameful to be devoid. It does not follow that the line of action suggested by such a feeling would not be equally prompted by the most sagacious statesmanship, and made imperative by the most dispassionate consideration for the interests and the safety of the civilised world. If the Turks were as formidable and as aggressive now as then, and Europe not stronger or more united than it was in the fourteenth century, the wisest politicians of the day—men whom no one would suspect of a spark of sentiment or enthusiasm—would certainly try to lead public opinion and general action in the very same direction towards which it was the aim of Pierre Thomas to guide them. Men had not yet become so familiar with the desolation of the East as to think it a matter of course that the fairest and most historic regions in the world were to be for ever blighted—religiously, morally, and even physically—by the dominion of the false prophet. The Christian kingdom of Armenia only fell about this time; and others were still standing with whom the Christians of Europe were more or less closely allied. Nor were the latter ready to accept it as an accomplished fact, against which no effort should be made, that their brethren, groaning under Mussulman tyranny, and in imminent danger of losing their faith itself, in addition to every thing else, were to be left to their fate under that abominable rule. But if men were not to be moved for the recovery of what had been lost, for its own sake, at least no one could be blind to the truth that what remained to Christianity was itself in the greatest danger; and that the best hope was to fight the infidel on the ground that he had made his own, rather than wait for the onslaught of his further advance. Constantinople was still Christian; but the Greek empire, chastised for its schism, was but the shadow of the power to which, but for the sins of its emperors, and, alas! also of its bishops, it might have been given, not only to resist all attacks upon itself, but to carry the faith of Christ to the steppes of Tartary and the farthest shores of Asia. Every one could see that it was tottering to its fall, and then

no one could tell where would be the Eastern frontier of Christendom, and how long Germany and Italy would remain untouched. As we look back on those distant centuries,—for their character and general spirit make them more distant to us than the mere interval of time that separates us from them,—it requires no very profound political discernment to see that Europe was in imminent danger, and that the destinies of the whole civilised world were interested in her being able to withstand the encroachments of the Turks. There was strength enough, indeed, in the Christian countries. France, England, Spain, Portugal, Germany, and Italy had brave and skilful warriors, who only required to be combined and directed against the common foe. But what was to unite them? The Christian nations were engaged in tearing one another to pieces. England and France were always either at war, or expecting to be so; the presence even of the Moors failed to unite the different kingdoms of the Spanish peninsula; there was little peace in Germany; and in Italy, Venice and Genoa, Pisa and Florence, were never so ready for any thing as to fight one another, and the lords of Milan were ever plotting to extend their dominions at the expense of their neighbours. It seems much the same story century after century, till at last the battle of Christendom had to be fought at Lepanto, at Malta, and under the walls of Vienna itself. Providence overruled the apparently inevitable results; though when Constantinople fell in the fifteenth century, the preponderance of force was on the side of the infidel. That since that time the balance has been so strikingly reversed, that the Turk has come to depend on the jealousies of European powers as his best chance for obtaining toleration, is to be attributed philosophically to the native vitality and powers of progress that Christian nations possess, and to the active principle of decay and dissolution inherent in the corrupt and loathsome systems of government and society under which their rivals lived. The two trees have been planted side by side—the one has grown into a giant, the other has shrunk up and dwindled into a withered stock. If this be so, it follows that the Crusades, unsuccessful as they were in their main object,—more especially the later expeditions, such as that of which we are speaking,—still materially served the cause of Christianity and civilisation. Every half-century that was gained gave the Christian nations of Europe time to develop their native resources, and follow out the law of growth and progress, which ended by making them, without dispute, the human arbiters of the world. Every check that held back the westward advance of the Turks gave them, too, time to ripen in their own way—if ripening is a term that can be used for the working of the inherent poison and corruption which has blighted

and worn down those once fierce and terrible barbarians, till they have been fain to take their place as sickly mendicants at the doors of Christian civilisation.

Such a result as this, if it could have been foreseen at all, was not likely to enter into the head of Pierre de Lusignan, the king of Cyprus, and of the holy legate, Pierre Thomas, of whom we are speaking. Their first efforts to rouse Europe for the cause of the Holy Passage were not unsuccessful. The Grandmaster of Rhodes, of course, was ready; Venice offered ships; Genoa and other Italian states were induced, by the fervent pleadings of the legate, to promise assistance. At Avignon, where they arrived when Urban V. was still fresh on the throne, they found John king of France, who took the Cross from the hands of the Pope on Good Friday, and was appointed by him captain-general of the crusade. Pierre de Lusignan went himself to seek aid from the emperor and the kings of England, Poland, and Hungary. Pierre Thomas went as his envoy to Milan; and it was then that his prayers and conversation won so much upon Barnabo, that he professed his willingness to make peace with the Church in the manner already mentioned. But the fair prospect was soon clouded over. The French king died, and with him the best hopes of the expedition. The other European princes hung back. The king of Cyprus had appointed too early a time for coming to Venice, whence the crusade was to take its departure, and was not ready. The Venetians had a rebellion in Candia to deal with, and, besides, were averse to endangering their trade with the East without the support of Europe. They withdrew their offer of ships, and would not even let the king have them by paying for them. Pierre Thomas argued and entreated, and carried on the negotiations for six weeks with a deputation of nobles appointed by the seignoury to treat with him. At length he prevailed on them to offer ships for two thousand soldiers, their horses, arms, retainers, and commissariat for the space of three months; half the expense to be defrayed by themselves, and half by the king of Cyprus. A slender provision this for so great an undertaking! About this time the Cardinal Talleyrand de Perigord died, and Pierre Thomas became legate of the crusade in his place. He collected a small company of knights who had taken the Cross at Venice, and waited for the king of Cyprus. But the king could not come: he had failed in his application with the princes, and now his delay dispersed the little nucleus of an army that had been gathered by Pierre Thomas. The Venetians were freed from their contract; they gave the king a grand reception when he at last arrived; but all seemed at an end; every one despaired except the holy legate. Then there came a

further trouble: a quarrel between the Genoese and the king of Cyprus, on account of some misunderstanding that had occurred in the island during his absence. The Genoese had promised their aid for the crusade; now their hot Italian blood boiled up; they prepared for war, and even refused to negotiate. No one was to meet or to receive any ambassador the king might send; he was to be denied the commonest hospitality. No one could hope to calm them but Pierre Thomas. He represented not only the king, but the Pope also; and so might have a chance. He was assailed and almost stoned at his entrance into Genoa, and could only with difficulty find a lodging in a church to which a hospital was attached, and that in his character of Papal Legate. The Pope and some princes wrote to mollify the Genoese; but they remained long obdurate. But Pierre Thomas never gave up what he had undertaken; and at length his patience and power of persuasion prevailed, and he was able to go back to Venice and tell the king that peace had been made. But the crusade seemed hopeless. No one would move hand or foot to help Pierre de Lusignan. He had to make the whole expedition, such as it was, at his own expense. He sent forward a few hundred men to Rhodes, and followed them with but two galleys and a small additional force: there the forces of his own kingdom met him, about sixty sail, including transports and small craft of every kind; the Knights of St. John joined them, to the number of a hundred, and armed their own galleys. The whole armament amounted at last to about a hundred vessels, carrying about ten thousand soldiers of all kinds, and fourteen hundred horse. The legate was the life and soul of the expedition, which, after sailing from Rhodes without disclosing the point at which it aimed, appeared suddenly before Alexandria, which was fortified and garrisoned more than sufficiently to resist its assailants. But the Christian army effected a landing, pursued the enemy to the gates of the city, forced them, and effected an entrance; a panic seized the defenders; and in a few hours Alexandria was in the hands of Pierre de Lusignan. So brilliant and unexpected a success, however, frightened the crusaders instead of encouraging them; they despaired of being able to retain their conquest till succour should arrive to them from Europe. And certainly they had not much reason to reckon on the activity of the Christian princes, who had turned so deaf an ear to the pleadings of the king of Cyprus. Alexandria was pillaged, and then the greater part of the crusaders seemed to feel that they had had enough of the Holy War. In the letter written by Pierre Thomas to the Pope and the emperor, giving an account of the capture and the subsequent abandonment of the city, he complains in severe terms of the Eng-

lish, who formed an important part of the army; of a certain prince, whose name he does not mention; and of the commander of the Knights of St. John,—as having been the leaders in the desertion of the conquered post. The majority of the timid party no doubt were simply anxious to get home with the immense spoil that they had so easily acquired. There may, however, have been some reason to fear that the post could not be long maintained. Pierre Thomas returned almost broken-hearted to Cyprus with the king. He roused himself, however, to organise solemn processions of thanksgiving for the success that had been obtained, and was preparing once more to depart for Europe, to try to obtain help for a fresh attempt, when he fell sick and died.

If we were disposed to criticise the character of Urban V., we might be inclined to say that the tenacious and indomitable resolution of his legate, Pierre Thomas, was just the quality that was wanting to make his character rise to the level of greatness. There are some men who can conceive the noblest designs, and can enter on them with much of the courage and disregard of difficulties that they always require; but they are satisfied with the first success, and can be led away from the complete accomplishment or permanent maintenance of some great work, not so much by the difficulties that still remain, or by fears for the future, as by a kind of natural inconstancy, which makes a fresh achievement more attractive to them than the quiet and toilsome working-out of a victory already gained into all its natural consequences; and the weariness that follows after the excitement of such a victory may well be supposed to help them to take an exaggerated view of the importance of some new design, or to underrate the evils that may ensue on the too early relinquishment of a position that it has cost them so much to win. Such, at least, seems to be the historical explanation of the latter part of Urban's too short pontificate. It is summed up in two sentences: that he went back to Rome, and then from Rome back to France. He restored the Holy See to its home; but he did not keep it there. It required a great effort to do the first of these things—a too great effort to do the second; but no one can doubt, both as to the first and as to the second, that Urban V. acted on the highest and the purest motives. He was a man of very great mental activity; and he had come to the throne of St. Peter at a time when a great many most important projects had to be carried on at once. Had his views been less large, he might more easily have contented himself with doing one thing well before he began another: he might have adjourned his crusade, rather than make a premature peace with Barnabo Visconti; and he might have pro-

vided for the rooting of the Papal court at Rome before he left Italy again, in the hope that his presence might prevent a renewal of the bloody wars between England and France. Men of his stamp have more enterprise than endurance; they are like generals who can act on the offensive better than they can conduct a retreat, or stand a siege. The precipitate treaty with Barnabo left him strong enough to cause fresh troubles not long after Urban's return to Italy; and the Pope found himself in danger, or at least less safe than in France. The character of the emperor Charles IV. left little to be hoped from him, though his intentions were good. There was certainly much to fear if Urban remained in Italy; his was hardly the character to realise the prudence of braving all such dangers rather than leave a great work unaccomplished.

We have already seen that the return to Rome was one of Urban's earliest intentions; that to see it accomplished had been his ardent desire before he was raised to the pontifical chair. It was not carried out till the fifth year of his reign. He had, of course, to encounter the greatest opposition both from the Cardinals and from the French king. When he had decided on the step, five of the former refused to accompany him. The king sent him an embassy, of which the orator Oresme formed part, who addressed the Pontiff in a long speech, taking for his text the anecdote of St. Peter's meeting with our Lord outside the gates of Rome,—*Domine, quo vadis?* He set forth with much force the reasons that the Pope might have for returning to the legitimate seat of the Papacy; but he endeavoured to show that the Romans were a set of people among whom it would be impossible to live in peace. He proved his point by history and quotation, from the foundation of the city by a band of robbers, down to the strong expressions of St. Bernard to Pope Eugenius. The people of France, on the contrary, were a peaceable nation, and the land in which the Pope found himself was blessed by God.

Unfortunately for the arguments of the orator, Urban had just had an unmistakable proof that France was not so much more peaceable as a residence than Italy, after all. One of the great miseries of that time consisted in the ravages of the 'companies.' Whenever the various sovereigns and lords who had been at war came to terms one with another, they immediately disbanded their armies. As a natural consequence, a number of soldiers were thrown upon the world, who had learnt their own power, and had become so accustomed to the lawless and licentious life they had been leading, as to prefer it to one of quiet, and perhaps poverty, at home, if indeed they had any home. They clung together, therefore; placed

themselves under a commander; and lived upon rapine and exaction. France was full of these bands, in consequence of the peace with England; and the great English company, under Sir John Hawkwood, about which we hear a good deal in the history of Florence at this time, was formed originally of Englishmen who had occupied lands in France during the war, and had been compelled to give them up at the peace of Bretigny. Urban V. had issued severe censures against these companies; but at the time of which we are speaking they had had the audacity to exact an immense ransom from him for the city of Avignon; and he had been compelled to absolve them from the censures he had inflicted. This insult had sunk into his heart; and it had shown him that Avignon was no longer safe as a place where the government of the Church could be carried on without the constant disturbance which might be expected at Rome. He had also had a visit from the famous Peter, a Franciscan friar belonging to the royal house of Aragon, who had urged him earnestly to carry out the design which was so dear to the hearts of all saintly persons at that time. These warnings and entreaties had probably more weight with Urban than a long letter he had before received from Petrarch, ever ready to parade his rhetoric on his favourite topic. He dwelt on the desolate state of the churches and shrines at Rome in the absence of the Pontiffs: "The churches of the Apostles were heaps of stone; the Lateran Basilica, 'the Mother of Churches,' was open to the wind and the rain."* Petrarch went so far as to ask the Pope whether he would prefer to rise at the Day of Judgment with the "famous sinners of Avignon," or with the Apostles Peter and Paul, St. Laurence, St. Stephen, and the other martyrs whose bodies rested at Rome.

When Urban had once landed at Corneto his progress towards the Eternal City became a continual triumph, and the whole of Italy seemed to tremble with joy. Yet before he entered Rome, while resting at Viterbo, he was annoyed by a sedition that suddenly broke out, and was for some days almost besieged in his palace. The Italians immediately saw in this disastrous beginning an argument that would not fail to be used by the French Cardinals to induce the Pope to return. In fact, Urban himself seems to have thought of this step at once. He ordered that the fortifications of Avignon should be carried on with all possible speed, and that even the

* It had been burnt down at the beginning of the century, and restored at the expense of Clement VI.; but it had been burnt down again in 1360, under Urban's immediate predecessor. There was an earthquake at Rome in 1349, from which St. Peter's, St. Paul's, and St. Maria Maggiore had suffered greatly.

Cardinals' houses should be pulled down if they interfered with the ramparts. Nevertheless, when he entered Rome, all seemed to promise a permanent restoration of the Pontiffs to their see. Urban celebrated Mass at St. Peter's in the presence of an immense crowd; and when he came to give the benediction at the end, and began, "*Sit nomen Domini benedictum*;" he added, "*qui voluit ut ego complerem votum et voluntatem meam*." One of the Cardinals fell ill from the fatigue of the journey and the anxiety caused by the sedition of Viterbo; and, when he was near death, sent to beg the Pope to let him follow the advice of his physicians and go back to his native country for a chance of recovery. Urban sent him word that if he thought at such a time of his earthly country, he was wrong; and bade him fix all his thoughts upon his true country in heaven, and prepare himself for the account he must give before he could enter there.

The Pope, however, had soon cause to be dissatisfied with the Romans, though his return had brought prosperity and affluence to their city, to which it had long been a stranger. The chief power had lately fallen into the hands of an elective magistracy, called the Banderesi, or bannerets; they were the heads of the different *rioni* into which the city was divided. The people elected them, and they were more frequently the ringleaders of turbulence and anarchy than the instruments of good government, peace, and justice. Urban tried to put them down, and failed; but as long as their power existed, there could be no safety for the Pope or his court. The middle class, which was a considerable power in cities like Florence, and on which much reliance might have been placed to check at once the violence of the nobles and the revolutionary spirit of those who had nothing to lose, did not exist in Rome. The Pope first left the city for the sake of his health. He was affected by the growing heats of the summer, and retired to the purer air of Montefiascone on the shores of the Lake of Bolsena. This place now became his favourite residence, though he went to Viterbo on great occasions, as when the emperor and empress came to visit him; and also, again, when Perugia revolted, and Montefiascone became an unsafe place. Rome was certainly very uninviting to one who had passed so many years of his life as a quiet Benedictine monk in the pure air of Provence. During the absence of the Holy See it had declined wonderfully in external magnificence; this was the period of the great destruction of the glorious monuments of antiquity, which were mostly still in existence in the thirteenth century; and Christian Rome—the Rome of the basilicas, palaces, and churches—had hardly fared much better than her pagan predecessor. Neglect, poverty, spoliation had all

been at work uninterruptedly during the absence of the Papacy; and fire and earthquake had had their part in producing desolation. Probably hardly a person about the court but felt the climate as a severe trial; and men who fear no other danger quail before malaria. But there was a barrier between the new-comers and the inhabitants, with which it would have taken a long time to do away. The French felt themselves strangers, and the Romans felt that their guests had nothing in common with them but their religion. At length Urban took a step, which showed in what direction his own mind was looking. In the autumn of 1367 he made ten new Cardinals; two of them only were Italians; the rest, with the exception of Simon Langham, Archbishop of Canterbury, were Frenchmen. This promotion signified nothing less than that he had made up his mind that the next Pontiff must be a Frenchman, and that the time was not yet come when Rome could again be trusted as the home of the successor of St. Peter.

No one but himself ever knew fully the motives on which Urban acted. The troubles of Italy had recommenced; he had been besieged in Viterbo by the insurgents from Perugia, who had taken Hawkwood into their pay; he had been obliged to go to war with Visconti, and excommunicate him afresh; he had no allies on whom he could count; and his last hope, the king of Hungary, who had promised 10,000 men, would not come till he was assured of their pay. If the Holy See were to become vacant by his own death, every kind of trouble was to be expected from a conclave at Rome. These were strong reasons for seeking a place of safety; and reasons such as these are more likely to have had weight with Urban than the desire to breathe again his native air, and other such considerations, to which his resolution has been attributed by his historians. At the same time, when he announced his intention of returning to Avignon, the declaration not only threw the Roman people into the greatest alarm and despondency, and brought on him another lecture from the indefatigable Petrarch; but it gave pain and grief to the many saintly souls with whom that time abounded, which were evidenced by remonstrances from some, and even threats from others. Peter of Aragon again came to visit him, and is said to have foretold to him the miseries of the great schism, as the consequence of what he was doing. St. Bridget forced herself into his presence,—the Cardinal to whom she applied would not take her message,—and told him that it had been revealed to her, that if he returned to France he would at once die. But he had taken his resolution on what seemed to him just grounds; and he would not alter it for an uncertain revelation. From the manner in which he spoke of his

departure in a letter to the Roman people, and from the measures he took to transplant the whole machinery of the Papal court once more to Avignon, it seems that he did not mean to return to Rome, even though he should succeed in pacifying England and France. This was the avowed cause of his journey; the danger that might be feared in Italy could not be publicly assigned as its motive. He had no time to show whether he regretted his departure. He had hardly taken in hand the peace which he desired to bring about, when his last sickness struck him; and he died on the 19th December, not three months after his return to France. He is said to have vowed, in the course of his illness, that he would retrace his steps to Rome. It is certain that he died like a saint, with the utmost peace and resignation; and that the Cardinal who succeeded him had made the same vow for himself, if he should ever be Pope, before his election took place.

H. J. C.

Books.

WELCOME, my books, my golden store!
 Your leaves my eyes, my hands explore;
 With you my sweetest hours have flown,—
 My best of life with you alone.
 When none in the wide world could cheer,
 Your wisdom dried the bitter tear;
 When summer skies were fresh and blue,
 None could rejoice with me like you:
 What living voice may speak among
 Your silent and time-hallowed throng?
 For you, the best of every age,
 I quit the world's degenerate stage.

Translation from Ranzan: "*Salvete aureoli
 mei libelli,*" &c.

Too Late.

A TALE.

CHAPTER IV.

"THERE she is!" cried Minnie, who was sitting in the garden with Mrs. Carsdale and Rose; "there she is! see, mama, does she not look charming on horseback?" and Minnie, without waiting for an assent, ran to the gate of the Gray House, where Ida Beauchamp was dismounting from her horse with the assistance of an antiquated groom, who had been long since named by Minnie the "retainer." The graceful riding-costume well became Ida's beauty. She looked radiant with health and loveliness, as, gathering up her long skirts, she hastened across the lawn to Mrs. Carsdale and Rose.

"How deliciously cool it is!" she said, as she seated herself under a tuft of shady trees, which in that barren county were considered a great ornament in the garden of the Gray House. "As to Beauchamp, my dear Mrs. Carsdale, it is positively like a furnace; if it goes on much longer like this, we shall be obliged to have air blown down to us by machinery from the top of the hill."

"Why don't you come and stay here with us, then?" said Minnie, laughing. "What glorious fun we should have! If Arthur does not make haste back from London, I shall die of *ennui*. There's Rose, that most pusillanimous of mortals, though she's quite strong now, won't go out with Jack Tarver, or come into any dangerous places."

"My dear Minnie," said Mrs. Carsdale, "how can you talk in such a way! I'm sure, I hope you never will go into any dangerous places."

"Never mind her," said Ida; "she will never come to grief, Mrs. Carsdale. There are some people who always turn up again; as you will observe when you have lived as long as I have. But have not you any curiosity to know what brings me here this morning, at the imminent peril of life and limb?"

"My dear," said Mrs. Carsdale, "I never can imagine how your father can—"

"Let me go on as I do, you meant to say, I know," laughed Ida; "for one very good reason, because he can't help himself. But, really and seriously, home has, since last night, eight p.m., become unbearable."

"Why?" exclaimed all her auditors in a breath.

"At eight p.m.," said Ida, "clatter of carriage-wheels up the

avenue; enter the Earl of Effington, Lady Isabella, maids and valets innumerable."

"And you have left them all?" said Rose, in an astonished tone.

"Lady Isabella must be quite a child,—isn't she?" said Mrs. Carsdale; "for, if I recollect rightly, the present Lord Effington married one of the Miss Forresters."

"Yes, he did," said Ida, and her face grew pale in a moment; "he married her. She was my cousin, Mrs. Carsdale, and the sweetest girl—" Her emotion stopped her for a moment. "We were often together as children. She was so good, so dear; and then, that he should—murder her!"

"Oh, Ida!" exclaimed Rose and Minnie in a breath; while Mrs. Carsdale's gentle voice was heard, bidding Ida beware of exaggeration.

"Well, he did, Mrs. Carsdale; he worried her life out of her. She was one of those excessively unselfish people; and he the most exacting, the most tiresome, prosy, fidgety creature. What she could ever see in him, I don't know; but they were always tormenting her to marry; and then he was *good*, as she said; and so that bright gentle being sacrificed herself."

Rose ventured to remark that Lord Effington *was* a very good man, she believed.

"Oh, yes; just that tiresome sort of goodness I do so dislike. Well, there he is; and really I could not stand a whole day of him and his model child. Reginald and Ferdinand are coming to-night; and I mean Reggie to amuse Isabella. It will keep him in training for Shelburne. So I left Isabella and her governess to Mrs. Payne's care. And as papa and Lord Effington had gone out for the morning, I escaped; but fancy papa's dismay when he comes back to luncheon!" And Ida laughed merrily again.

Rose watched her mother's face, and saw it was more discomposed than usual by what seemed, after all, but an accustomed instance of Ida's wilfulness.

"Don't look so grave, dear Mrs. Carsdale, or I shall fancy you are not glad to see me."

"Nay, you know the contrary too well," said Rose, answering for her mother; "but the truth is, mama is fancying that though you came safely under Stevens's escort, you will hardly get back so quickly, and you will have to go by the long road."

"I have managed much better than that," said Ida; "the carriage is gone to meet my brothers at Welton to-day, and I have sent word they are to come here first and pick me up, and then I can introduce them to you."

Mrs. Carsdale's face brightened at this information, and the conversation soon rambled off to other subjects.

Several weeks had elapsed between the Carsdales' first visit to Beauchamp and the day on which this conversation took place. A sudden intimacy had grown up between the young ladies, which had fairly taken Mr. Beauchamp by surprise. Ida's contempt for young ladies in general had been expressed so openly, and carried so far, that her fancy for the Miss Carsdales became a veritable friendship before Mr. Beauchamp had time to take the necessary steps for checking it. Though it had gone farther than he altogether liked, yet he really did not care much about the matter; even his fastidious taste could not find any thing in Rose or Minnie which he could think would render them unsuitable companions for his idolised Ida. And having begun by offering warm cordiality to people to whom he wished to be civil, he was obliged to persist in it at his daughter's will. Arthur Carsdale, after settling his mother and sisters comfortably in their new abode, went back to London, and his duties in Lombard Street; and Ida's rides to Newcombe had been frequent, while it had become an understood thing that the Carsdales spent the whole Sunday at Beauchamp.

There were few people more engaging than Ida Beauchamp. To her rare loveliness she united a charm of voice and manner none could resist. If she ruled all around, it was at least with a sway that was loved. The servants, the poor people, the neighbours, loved the sight of her face and the sound of her voice. Over her father she had supreme power, except when, which seldom happened, she came in contact with one of his pet prejudices. She was indeed second in his heart to Ferdinand, his youngest son and his heir; but Ida's own devotion to Ferdinand was too passionate to allow her to murmur that she was not first with her father.

The close of the afternoon brought the carriage, and Reginald and Ferdinand Beauchamp. There was no family likeness between the former and his half-sister, but Mrs. Carsdale started at the striking resemblance to her old playfellow Lady Mary Travers. He was short, and slightly made, with fair hair brushed back from his forehead, and calm honest blue eyes; but his clerical attire and quiet self-possessed manner actually had the effect, as Ida often declared, of making him seem younger than he really was. Never was a greater contrast than between him and Ferdinand: the full dark Spanish eyes, the tall graceful figure, and black hair curling naturally round the head of the latter, gave him a strong resemblance to Ida; but a physiognomist would have found a great difference in the form of the forehead and mouth, and the whole expression of the

features. The visit at the Gray House did not last long; Reginald was evidently uncomfortable as soon as he learned Ida's escapade, and that his father had guests.

"Good-by, dear Mrs. Carsdale, Rose, and Minnie," said Ida, as she prepared to depart; "pity me, for I return to the worship of that bright particular star, Lord Effington. It is *Thursday*; well, you will come on Sunday, won't you? I shall be gone by then; but you can at least weep over my grave."

"We will not forget," said Rose, brightly; and with many promises of future delights to be found at Newcombe, the party stepped into the carriage and drove away.

CHAPTER V.

It was Sunday evening. The sun was sinking in the horizon, and the beautiful cliffs and headlands of Newcombe were wrapped in a soft glow of rose and lilac; there was hardly a ripple on the blue waves, and the moon was rising in silvery loveliness. The Carsdales were standing at the open window of the Gray House, looking out on the wonderful scene of beauty which was spread before them. Mrs. Carsdale's eyes filled with tears, and she pressed Rose's hand. Rose returned the pressure; she knew the beauty of sunset always brought to her mother's memory the sight of those still white faces of her dead children, who had been buried out of her sight long ago, and how from that memory her heart lifted itself up to Heaven and longed to be at rest. It was not till the gathering darkness had veiled the view from their sight that any of the party spoke; then they sat and talked in the twilight, for nobody cared to ring for lights.

"What a very beautiful child that little Lady Isabella is!" said Mrs. Carsdale.

"Yes, mama," replied Minnie; "but how fearfully she will be spoilt!"

"Spoilt, Minnie!" said Arthur. "Why, what did the poor child do to-day that she ought not to have done?"

"Oh, Arthur, how stupid you are! can't you see *that's* what I mean?"

"I confess *that's* beyond me, Minnie."

"Why, I mean the way that man—that Lord Effington—goes on is enough to spoil any child. It was, 'Isabella, don't do that! Isabella, do this! My dear child, what are you about?' till that unfortunate child did not know which way to look. She will grow up a perfect—prig, I was going to say. What is the synonymous term for a prig applied to a woman, mama?"

"Indeed, Minnie, I don't know; I never learnt that remarkable vocabulary that you quote from so often."

"Well," said Minnie, very solemnly, "when I say she will grow up a female likeness of her father, can I exceed the severity of that remark?"

For a minute nobody could speak for laughing; but at last Rose said:

"It is quite evident to me that there is some one who could have the training of Isabella, if she chose."

"Ida, of course," replied Minnie. "Yes, it is pretty clear what his lordship's visit to Beauchamp is for, and why the 'descendant of kings' makes him so welcome."

At this moment the moon, which had been hidden behind a cloud, shone out with sudden brightness. Was it the effect of the moonbeams or her fancy that made Rose start as she beheld her brother's face of ghastly whiteness and an expression of mortal agony pass over his features? "Are you ill, Arthur?" rose to her lips, but the words remained unspoken. She felt such a sudden *serrement de cœur* that she almost gasped for breath. Rapid thoughts passed through her brain. Was this to be the end of his bright youth, so full of promise? was this to be the reward of that pure and noble life, maintained in the midst of the world's fiery temptations? that he should spend the wealth of his love on one who would never return it—who would think him beneath her notice? *Beneath her!* Rose's heart swelled at the idea. Where would she find one so noble, so true, so self-denying? where one so like the vision of what men should become, which she was so fond of sketching, in their talks of past, present, and future? But it could never be. No; free as Ida seemed from family pride,—free as she really was from some of her father's absurd prejudices,—Rose felt certain that when it came to a question of marriage, all the "blood of the Beauchamps" would kindle in her veins, and make her disdain the thought of Arthur Carsdale. A banker's son, rich though he might be, and the son of one who had risen from the ranks, could never be a fitting match for the only daughter of the haughty Hugh Beauchamp and of the Donna Beatrice, who could count so many degrees of Spanish nobility that, as Minnie declared, they must date back long before the Flood. Rose was startled out of her reverie by Minnie's joyous voice:

"Are you gone to sleep, Rose? I don't believe you've heard a word of the objections I have urged against the impending alliance of the noble houses of Effington and Beauchamp, and how I have satisfactorily proved that the same will never take place; and I want to wake you up to the necessity of our having something to eat

on the sands, if we are to go to see that ruined church of St. Piran to-morrow."

"Are we going to-morrow?" said Rose; "I did not know it was settled."

"Yes, if it is fine; and the sun has set in the most delightful manner, showing plainly he is in a good-humour."

"Then," said Arthur, stretching himself and yawning unmercifully, "I vote we all go to bed, for I suppose Minnie will rout us up unusually early."

"You don't look well, my dear boy," said his mother tenderly, as the candles were brought into the room.

But Arthur answered gaily; he had the least trifle of a headache, and would be all right to-morrow; and went off whistling to bed. He soon fell asleep; the emotion of that evening had been but a momentary pang; but long after he had fallen asleep, his favourite sister knelt and prayed for the brother, who she foresaw must soon pass through a furnace of suffering.

The following morning the bright weather seemed to proclaim Minnie as a true prophetess; and the basket for luncheon was packed, and Minnie arrayed in her riding-habit, a good half-hour before the party from Beauchamp could possibly be expected.

"Look at that cloud, Minnie," said Rose, who persisted, much to her sister's pretended vexation, in finishing a piece of work instead of getting ready; "one cloud, two, three, four. It's going to pour with rain."

Poor Minnie's face slowly fell as the sudden chill breeze which precedes rain in bright summer weather made the leaves rustle.

"It's only a shower," she remarked; "and besides, they will have set off. Ida is sure to be punctual, and they will be crossing the Cove by this time."

"Except for the satisfaction of seeing Lord Effington get wet, I don't know that we can find any consolation in that fact."

"Yes; but that alone *would* give me immense satisfaction, and besides we shall see Ida. There comes the rain," as heavy drops began to patter on the gravel, and the sky was overspread with dark and lowering clouds.

"Arthur, you will get wet through; do come in."

There was something almost like petulance in Rose's voice as she spoke. It worried her to see Arthur pacing up and down the garden, and looking along the winding road which the few visitors to the Gray House had to traverse. Arthur came in, and for half an hour watched the progress of the rain with Minnie. Nominally he read; but Rose's quick eyes discerned that he never got beyond the first

page of his book, and that the loudly-expressed lamentations from Minnie, which Rose thought very tiresome, were positive comfort to him. A cry from Minnie, the sound of carriage-wheels, and Arthur dashed out into the garden bare-headed. The party came in dripping, for carriage-rugs and umbrellas had been fairly beaten by the storm. As Minnie had supposed, the rain had not begun till they were more than half-way to Newcombe, and at first Ida would insist it was but a shower, so they had given up all thought of returning, and were soon afterwards only anxious to get into the nearest shelter as quickly as possible. A fire was lighted in the drawing-room, and the luncheon destined to be eaten on the sands was spread on Mrs. Carsdale's table. After all, it did not turn out so badly. Ida had, perhaps, never looked more lovely than in the dishabille she was compelled to wear; for she was taller than either of her two friends, and the only thing that could be found to fit her was a loose black-velvet dress of Mrs. Carsdale's, which hung in heavy folds about her, while her damp hair had been brushed off from her forehead, and fell in a great mass upon her shoulders, making her look like some old picture stepped down from its frame. She was in wild spirits; and for some time there was nothing but laughing, jest, and repartee going on. But gradually the party broke up into groups; Ferdinand and Minnie sat down to chess, but maintained the very contrary to the solemn silence generally thought necessary for that intricate employment; Arthur and Ida discussed various books, and fell into a *tête-à-tête*; while Rose and her mother were listening with intense interest to the earnest conversation going on between Lord Effington and Reginald. A word must be said to introduce the former personage to my readers. Lord Effington was short, thin, and stiff; he gave the impression of being made of very stiff paste-board, which can only be moved by machinery. Every movement was slow and measured, and every word fell from his mouth with solemn precision. He always spoke as if no one but himself had ever made a remark before, or ever would make one again. His face was prim and expressionless, and his hair stood up in short resolute bristles. Such was the man whom the wise Mr. Beauchamp considered likely to be a successful suitor with the enthusiastic and fastidious Ida.

Rose and Mrs. Carsdale were very well satisfied with their position, and they could forgive the Earl for the sententious manner in which he delivered his opinion, for the sake of the sound good sense and practical knowledge of his subject which his conversation displayed. They spoke of the important questions then before the notice of the world, and bearing more particularly on those inter-

ests which were dearer to their listeners than aught else. They spoke of the wants of the poor; and Reginald brought forward instances of suffering which were daily before his eyes in the manufacturing town of Shelburne; and Lord Effington discussed them, and the remedies that could, or that should, be applied. Now and then they appealed to the ladies for information as to the state of the London poor; and Rose and her mother told what they knew with simplicity,—and they knew a good deal. It was true, Mr. Carsdale had peremptorily forbidden his wife and daughters from going among the poor themselves; but he could not hinder their hearts and ears from being open to the tales of those more favoured of their friends, who were under no such prohibition. And Rose knew as well as any one the history of the people whose clothes she had diligently laboured at, instead of reading the last new novel; and the visitors in the parish of St. Gertrude knew well whose hands would always be open when they brought some story of woe; but they did not know how often their appeal was responded to at the cost of real self-denial, and how the young ladies, who were, by their father's will, so often seen in the gay world, knew the secret which made the world's snares harmless; had learnt, for the sake of their beloved poor, to put a constant check upon themselves. They did not know how the ornaments worn were the ones that would least have been chosen, had the wearer's taste been indulged; nor how busy ingenuity made silk and lace look fresh again and again, that money might not be spent in buying new materials. It was by hidden deeds of this kind,—little to look at, little to speak of, but not the less the "little things on little wings" which "bear little souls to heaven,"*—that Grace Carsdale had trained her children to be unworldly and self-forgetful.

Meanwhile Ida and Arthur were getting better acquainted. She had been seldom thrown into the society of clever cultivated men. Her beauty and position had brought a group of admirers round her whenever she went into the world; and her fine nature, with ardent aspirations after higher aims, shrunk from the adulation, and had almost led her into the other extreme of looking down with contempt on most of those by whom she was surrounded. Sorrow had never yet touched her; and there are few amongst us who can learn to be merciful to others till we have bowed our heads under its strokes. Ida found it a new and a very pleasant thing to talk freely to Arthur Carsdale, to encounter no idle compliments, and to be treated by him as a being capable of entering into the subjects in which he took a deep interest. Dante was lying on the table before

* F. W. Faber.

them; and Ida, an excellent Italian scholar, listened with keen delight while Arthur read aloud some favourite passage, or pointed out some deep meaning which she had not as yet discovered in her own ponderings over this best-loved of the poets. Then, delight of delights! here was a man who had preferred learning Spanish to German. He had had a romantic love for the grand old tongue of the grand old land of chivalry. He was well-up in Spanish literature; and Spanish was to Ida almost like her mother-tongue. Here was a region in which they could wander together, and where few could follow them; for neither Rose nor Minnie had shared their brother's study in this direction. So the hours sped on till the rain ceased; and through the open windows came that delicious scent from the freshly-watered earth, and the birds began to sing loudly and joyously, and the reviving sunbeams to sparkle on the leaves.

That London luxury—an afternoon cup of tea—was brought in, and then the carriage came round; and good-by was said. Nobody was daunted by ill-success from fixing another day for visiting the ruined church; and two days hence the party were once more to meet and accomplish their purpose. So, with merry words and smiles, the visitors went away. In the eagerness of conversation Rose had forgotten her trouble. It came back to her now. Arthur betook himself for a solitary stroll on the sands; and though, when he came in, he was as bright, as thoughtful, as affectionate as he always was, Rose fancied she could trace that he was under constraint. It was wonderful to notice, when he thought no one was looking at him, how all the brightness died out of his face, and he had a dull worn look, such as Rose had never before seen on that beloved countenance. Now she understood the secret of his reluctance to come to Newcombe. He had been afraid lest his boyish preference for Ida should grow too strong for his own peace. Rose was gentle by nature; yet her heart beat now with hot indignant throbs. She panted to get away from Newcombe; but she saw no possibility of doing it. Her long musings that night ended with one conclusion,—that her anguish must be borne for its appointed time. She was learning the bitter lesson of standing by helpless when those we love are about to suffer.

(To be continued.)

Passports in the Olden Time.

COMMUNICATED BY HIS EMINENCE THE LATE CARDINAL WISEMAN.

— o —

THE researches of the Kentish Archæological Society have brought to light some curious facts relating to what may be called the passport system—although, no doubt, not dignified by that name—which was in full force in the year 1630, and had probably existed a long time previously. The interest which it possesses for us arises from the fresh light it throws on the general state and sufferings of Catholics at that period. The source from which the following extracts are taken is the Ms. collection of letters of Sir Edward Dering, who, in 1630, was Lieut.-governor of Dover Castle. These extracts, and additional information concerning them, came into the hands of his Eminence the late Cardinal Wiseman (who was a member of the Kentish Archæological Society), by the kind courtesy of one of his fellow-members; and it was the wish of his Eminence that the information should be published in this Magazine. "It appears," says our authority, "that a passport system of a very severe kind was then (in 1630) adopted at the transit ports to the Continent under the direction of the Commissioners of Passage," who communicated, through the governor of the castle, the Lord Warden, with the Privy Council.

Extracted from the Letters of Sir Edward Dering, Lieutenant-governor of Dover Castle anno 1630, to the Earl of Suffolk, Lord Warden of the Cinque Ports.

PERSONS DETAINED FOR REFUSING TO TAKE THE OATH OF ALLEGIANCE.

I.* Two youths, Richard Clark and Richard Kinsman, who intended to pass over with Monseigneur Ronbens (*sic*).

III. Will. Cross, a soldier who had served under the Archduchess.

IV. Almore Zilioll, suspected of being one of the fugitive Italians of whom Lord Suffolk had written to Sir E. D.

V. William Bedford: "says his father is a gentleman of decayed fortune in the North;" "seems to be little more than a boy in growth and judgement."

VI. Peregrine Roberts, who left London with one Parry, and went to Holland. Thomas Nason, having refused the oath, "becomes

* The numbers refer to those of the Letters.

conformed through the careful and conscionable paynes of Mr. Reading," "who petitions for his stay, in hope of reconciling him unto this Church of England, with which by God's help, so far as man can see the hart of man, he hath fully conformed; and the said Mr. Nason hath been his auditor, twice, and taken the oath of allegiance." "Mr. Reading did as much lately upon a Frenchman and a schollar that landed here about two months since."

VII. Humphry Perrot, a barrister of the Inner Temple. Is passing over to learn the French language, "denyeth that he hath been in any part of the King of Spayne's dominions;" "there is nothing found about him of any forbidden quality."

X. Certain Dunquerkers detained; some with papers from foreign ambassadors—one with "a testimonial from Don Carlo."

XIV. Thomas Nugent refuseth the oath.

XVI. John Mary, an Irishman, a professed student of civil law.

XVIII. Four books of J. M. detained and sent up to the Lord Warden. John Allen, a joiner, refuseth the oath, and is found to have a testimonial from the Provincial of the Jesuits in England. Also detained, John Bury, of Benfield in Essex, and John Jones, son of Mrs. Jones, of Guildesborough in Northamptonshire, a widow: "upon their examination, they confesse nothing worth the troubling your Lordship withall."

XXIV. John Marie, John Allen, and Richard Murton are sent up to London, with Richard Johnson (properly Murton), "who hath been four years at Douay, but not at the College (as he saith), but refuseth the oath."

XXVI. George Throckmorton (under the name of George Lanoir) lands; refuses the oath, and is detained: "he seems a scholler."

XXVII. Sent up to London.

XXIX. John Good, John Langton, William Pitt, and Edward Barton refuse the oath; the last, though he "subscribes with a marke, as though he could not wright (*sic*) his name, yet by a two howers dispute with Mr. Reading" is found "a trayned scholler."

XXXI. Goode (whose name is believed to be Savage) is "said to be had in jealousy by my Lord of Dorchester, for endeavouring to supply a regiment in Flanders with (he says) Mr. de Fountenaye;" confesseth further that "he hath had *primam tonsuram*, but no further order, nor intendeth to have."

XXXV. Goode turns out to be *Leybourne*, and "of alliance to your Lordship and my Lord of Arundell." Mr. Farrer, or Ferrers, detained; but the Clerk of the Passage contrives to let him escape.

XLVI. Price, *alias* Robinson, *alias* Jones, President of the English College at Douay, detained.

LVII. Arthur Trevelyan, of Devonshire, servant to Sir John Gill, and Philip Wogan, *alias* Applebye, of Yorkshire, servant to M. Benray, are detained. Both are "converts from the Reformed to the Romish religion."

LVIII. Are passed to London, and thence

LX. Back to France.

LXVIII. Mr. Applebye's footboy, John Jackson, detained.

LXXVII. Certain books detained. "Such books as were this last night intimated to me to be of some consequence, and for the discovery of some difference among the Papistes of this land in point of Church government, I have this day caused to be brought upp unto me; and I do find them chiefly to reflect upon the episcopal jurisdiction of the pretended Bishop of Chalcedon."

LXXVIII. "More than threescore of the popish books are selected for the Lord Warden's inspection." "I could not send them all by the pacquett-poast, and the waggoner was gon before I received your Lordship's order."

LXXXIII. Mr. Fortescue's pass refused. He had procured papers for Mr. Anthony Bayley, aged 23; Thomas Mosse, aged 14; Richard Dalton, aged 17; with William Hodeleston, of the same age. "But that which hath been the occasion to intercept all their journeys is, that whereas Mr. Fortescue pretended to carry over two sisters of the Babthorpes, upon colour of their going over to their father, Sir William Babthorpe, these gentlewomen are three sisters of another name, all bound for Bruxellis, whose modesties can hardly deny but that their purposes were for the nunnery there. Their names are Bridget, Dorothy, and Frances, daughters of William Molyns, of Mungewell, in Oxfordshire, Esquire, with Edmund Stambourne, of the age of twenty-one years, their servant."

LXXXIV. "They do plainly confess that the end of their journey was to be probationers in a nunnery, whereto their father did hardly consent, upon the powerfull persuasions of his wife, their mother," who did "deal with this Mr. Fortescue to be their conductor, though little known unto her, insomuch that these sisters do imagine that it is a frequent course of life with him to bestow his time in these attendances."

From the Replies, &c. of the Earl of Suffolk to Sir Edward Dering.

LXXXVIII. "Mr. Secretary Coke did give me notice of a Scottish priest that is coming over (whose coming is to ill purpose), and doth take speciall care for his apprehension. His name he knoweth not, nor can he describe him." Order given to permit no such man to pass.

From the Letters (apparently) of Lord Richardson, father-in-law of Sir Edward Dering, and one of the Privy Council.

"The Queen, at the French Ambassador's suit, hath desired that a priest, now imprisoned at Dover, and intending to go for Ireland, may be sent back in the company of the Ambassador into Ffraunce." Sir E. D. is ordered to examine him, and "if he find him dangerous, or sent over upon design, to keep him safe till he receives further order." "I conjecture this is the Irish Fryer you gave me notice of the other day."

From a Letter to which no name is attached, but which is addressed

"To my hono^{ble} friend Sir Edward Dering, Knight and Baronett, Lieutenant of Dover Castle."

"That which now occasioneth this letter unto you is the passage of Mr. Sheldon's second son to Mr. Ralph Sheldon, who hath lived long abroad. Hee hath a passage under his Ma^{ty}'s owne signature, and therefore he must be permitted to go over without interruption. But you are to see his company, and to observe carefully, whether he carry not with him a scholler of Oxford, who for his person is low, and of a middle posture, betwixt leane and fatt; his hair is brownish, and his beard picked; his forehead high, of a middle age. His name, as I take it, is Shillingworth (Chillingworth?). If you can find such a one in Mr. Sheldon's company, to whom he is well knowne, or else seeking passage at any of the ports, I pray you cause him to be staide, and send word of his apprehension; for therein you shall do good service to the Church and State."

From Aloysius Contarini to Sir Edward Dering.

"ILL^{us} DOMINE,—Quem ad me unâ cum meis litteris ex industria tabellarium misisti hodie horâ nonâ ante meridiem excepi. Hujus sollicitudinis ac diligentiae quas possum et debeo tibi gratias rependo, paratus ex æquo in tui obsequium præstare quod occasio dederit. Satage precor interim ut ea mihi occurrat. Agam ego enim ut in me certo offitium voto non dissimile reperias. Dat. Londini, VII. Kal. Julii MDCXXIX. stil. nov.

"Tuæ Illu^{mae} Dominationis affectionatissimus

"ALOYZIUS CONTARENO."

From Viscount Dorchester to Sir E. D.

"I perceive, by many demonstrations which my Lord of Suffolk makes unto the Ll. (Lords?), the care and diligence you use in his Ma^{ty}'s service, which will occasion me to hold some correspondence with you. At this time I am informed that Sir John Underhill,

having procured from the Councill Board a passe for himself and three others therein named,—that is to say, John St. John, for his guide, into Holland, and Alexr. Ramsey, as his servant,—is gone towards Dover with three preists in his company, whoe, under those assumed names and maskes, intend to passe themselves out of this kingdome with good stoore of mony, and to the number of eight or nine horses. In this case, though I would not contradict their L^l^{ts} licence for the gentleman's owne passage, who pretends to seeke forraigne meanes for his health, yet this suspicion being offered to me, which I could neither credit altogether nor neglect, I must entreat you to inquire into it upon the place, &c.

“Yours to be comanded, DORCHESTER.

“*From the Court at Whitehall, the 14th of Efyby. 1629.*”

It appears from a paper in a very rare work, entitled *Bishop Barlow's Remains*, published in 1693, that the number of persons known to be Catholics in all the dioceses of England and Wales in 1676 was 11,870; in the diocese of Canterbury only 142. Of course it must be fully taken into consideration that a large number of persons were Catholics in reality, although concealing their faith; but allowing for this, it gives us an idea of the large number who must have gone “beyond seas”—gone into a painful exile rather than forfeit the faith of their fathers. Allowing for both these classes, we are fain to confess that the Catholicism in England was at a low ebb; and it would well seem as if it were doomed gradually to die out of the country. It is a singular coincidence that this record of the small number of English Catholics should have engaged the attention of the Cardinal at the close of his life. We cannot help contrasting it with those remarkable statistics of the present state of Catholics in England, given by the Cardinal at Malines. It teaches us another lesson of the work which he accomplished; for it may truly be said that, though the increase of population and the amelioration of the penal laws had proportionately increased the number of Catholics in England from the time which we are considering to the day when the Cardinal was placed at the head of the Church in England, he entered into the heritage of those long centuries of desolation and oppression when life was gradually ebbing away from the remnant of Catholics. It is by contrasts such as this paper presents that we learn to appreciate the extent, the difficulty, and the discouragement of the work of him who conquered so much for us, and to whose labours we indeed chiefly owe that we can look back on such statistics as Bishop Barlow's as a dream that has passed by and is forgotten.

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"* Earl Russell communicated to the College of Physicians that he had received a despatch from Her Majesty's Consul at Manila, to the effect that Cholera had been raging fearfully, and that the ONLY remedy of service was CHLORODYNE.—See *Lancet*, Dec. 31, 1864.

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